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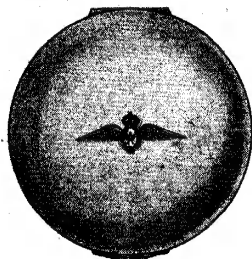
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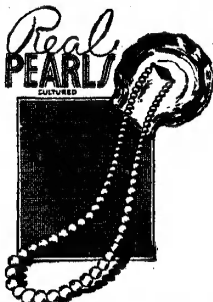
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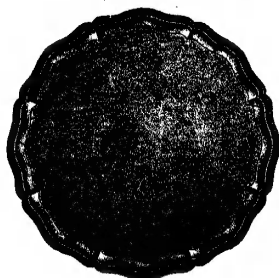
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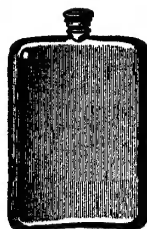


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deadly rabies, so often transmitted to Man by the bite of a mad dog, belongs to the past. Rinderpest, the cattle plague that kills millions of beasts in Europe and Africa, does not now exist. Anthrax is no longer a farmer's nightmare. Destructive diseases of sheep and lambs due to gas gangrene bacilli can be prevented and cured. Foot and mouth disease is better under control than anywhere else in Europe. But these achievements, great in themselves, are no more than a beginning on a small scale. Similar problems on a much vaster scale remain to be tackled in India. Not to mention the need to extend the fight to diseases such as tuberculosis, contagious abortion, mastitis, sterility and ill-health due to parasitic worms — diseases which are estimated to cost £20 millions a year within the small compass of the British Isles alone! How much more do they cost India? In the era of preventive animal medicine, now opening, synthetic organic chemicals will play a decisive part. The worker in the biological research laboratory and the chemist in the factory are uniting to help the veterinary profession to control the diseases of animals and thereby sustain the health of the nation.



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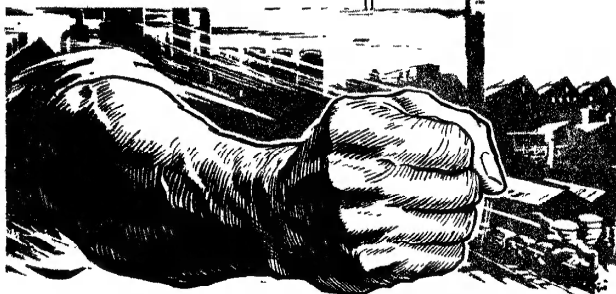
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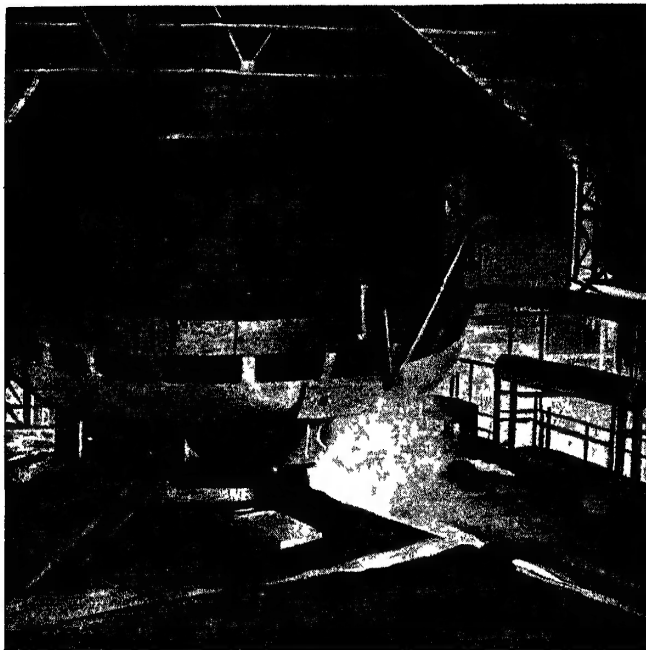
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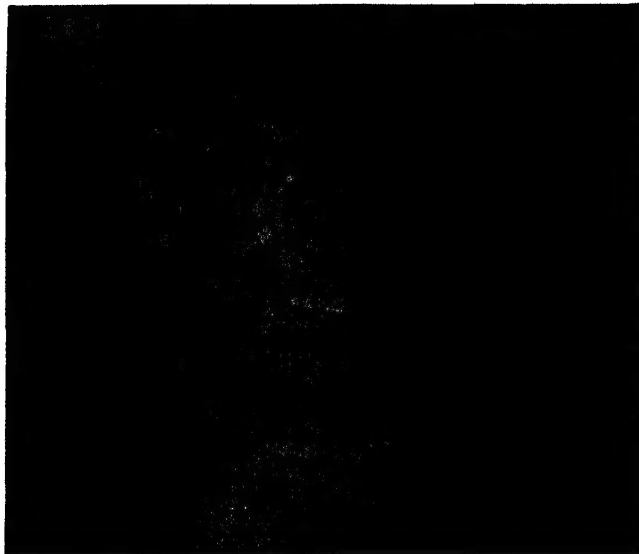
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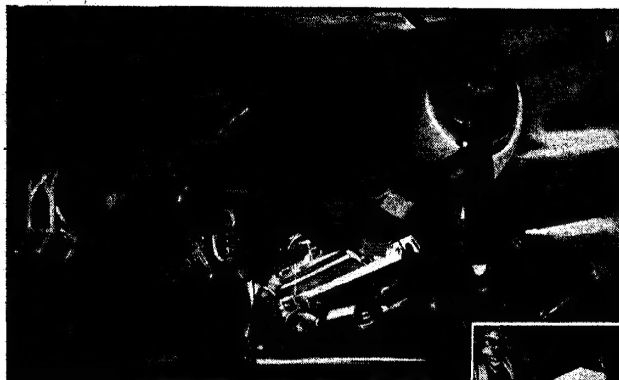
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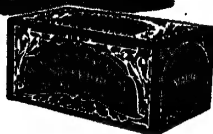
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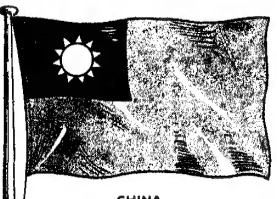
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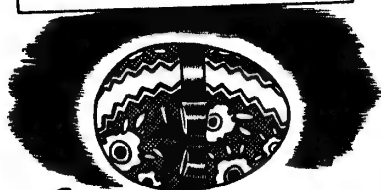
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**T**HE marvels of medicine would fill many volumes were the sum of their achievements to be told, but among the greatest is the discovery and application of antiseptics in surgery by Lord Lister in Britain less than a century ago.

Medicine is not the only field in which Britain has led the world. In science and chemistry in engineering and shipbuilding in industrial and commercial enterprise, the British Commonwealth has blazed a trail of progress. Prominent amongst the benefits Britain has given to the world is the development of rayon by Courtaulds. Since the beginning of this century Courtaulds rayon yarn and the fascinating materials manufactured with it have played a significant part in cultivating a higher standard of life amongst the people of many nations.

Courtaulds can look back with pride upon the results achieved by their energy and enterprise, by the commercial courage and financial fortitude which spurred them on to initiate and develop a new textile industry in England, the United States and other countries.

When peace returns, new British ideas, inventions and discoveries will again lead the way to greater happiness and well being for all the nations. The firm of Courtaulds is ready with new projects and products of its own to set the pace in striving for this goal. Although the exigencies of National Service have restricted the amount of rayon materials at present available, research and development continue with unabated vigour and will make post-war rayons even more beautiful and versatile than before.

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Spun by Courtaulds Ltd., London, England

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by Lustre Fibres, Ltd.

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by Samuel Courtauld & Co., Ltd.

*The black portions on the map indicate the size of the British Commonwealth and its vast potentialities for agricultural, industrial and industrial development.*



## TO CONTRIBUTORS

Features and Photographs Wanted.

THE Editor of *The Onlooker* invites authors and writers to submit short stories, articles of a "Hunting, Shooting and Fishing" nature, articles on women's subjects, and humorous articles and verse. He will also be glad to consider photographs of a social nature, such as appear in *The Onlooker* month by month. Payment will be made in the usual rates. Stamped envelopes should be enclosed with MSS and photographs if they are to be returned. Engagement and similar photographs will not be paid for. Photographs should be accompanied by descriptions typed separately. If written on the back names must be clear and distinct.

### "THE ONLOOKER"

United India Building,  
Sir Phiroozshah Mehta Road,  
BOMBAY

# The ONLOOKER

Vol. VI

April 1944

No. 4

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## To Readers

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# *The* ONLOOKER

*sees most of the game*

Vol. VI

APRIL 1944

No. 4

*charming picture  
"the Shah of Persia  
and his family  
taken by Cecil  
Beaton during his  
recent visit to that  
country."*







Her Majesty, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, conferred the Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Orange-Nassau on Air Chief Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, Air Commander-in-Chief, South East Asia, in recognition of the excellent co-operation of the R.A.F. with Her Majesty's Forces in defence of the Netherlands East Indies against the Japanese. Sir Richard Peirse recently received the insignia from the hands of Monsieur A. Meren, Netherlands Consul-General at New Delhi. Monsieur A. Meren and Sir Richard Peirse are here seen with guests present at the ceremony. They include:—Sir Jeremy and Lady Raitman, in whose house the ceremony took place; General Sir George Gifford, Lt-General Sir Edwin Morris, Air Marshal Sir Guy Gurnard, Brig-General Eugene H. Beebe, U.S. Air Force; Rear Admiral G.J.A. Miles, Air Vice Marshal Goddard and Mrs. Goddard, Lady Auchinleck and Sir Archibald Rowlands. Among the Dutch ladies and officers were:—Madame Meren, Monsieur Hasselman, Netherlands' Vice-Consul; Capt. J. H. P. Perks, Cmdr. K. J. A. Meester, Netherlands Naval Air Service, and Capt. J. F. Van Poeteren, R.N. Army.

## Looking On:

# Women War Workers

THE opening of a new headquarters for the W.V.S. in Delhi and the encouraging address given by Her Excellency, Viscountess Wavell, has given a fresh impetus to enrolment in that body of unofficial, unpaid but enthusiastic war workers. So has the news brought by recent arrivals from England and Australia of the tremendous sacrifice being made by women in these countries.

War work is essential from two points of view. The women who do it are doing something in their own line or are trained to something new which urgently requires doing—it is national work of the first importance to the war effort. On the other hand, it is important as there is nothing more dangerous than an idle woman in these days of mental strain. She is dangerous in that, being outside of the circle of workers, she is inclined to be bitter about it and reactionary in her outlook.

There is no excuse today for the idle woman. There is far more work to be done in every centre than there are helpers and yet it is today a regrettable fact that among the better classes of European and Indian women there are still quite a number who have not faced the position fairly and squarely and gone all out to help win this war in quick time. Their help is most urgently required and ignorance can be no defence as a hundred different avenues are open to them. If they are at a loss as to where to begin they only have to read "The

Onlooker" or look at many of its photographs and they will see what other women are doing right through the country. India is proud of those women and they

deserve the fullest credit and support.

Somewhat slow off the mark in the matter of uniforms for women workers, there are today

smart turnouts for almost every service and a woman sacrifices nothing in charm by wearing any of them. Her efficiency and that of her service, however, is considerably increased and she can experience something of that *esprit de corps* which a uniform and unit engenders.

On the other hand the woman who is shy of getting into uniform (and there are many) will find other ways of service open to them through the ranks of the W.V.S. To them is given a badge which indicates to the world at large that they are doing their bit.

**The Onlooker.**

## Tropical Birds.....!



### The Stool Pigeon

"... some little birds are quiet at home on a perch."

## To My Wife

I have a lovely photograph  
That stands upon my desk,  
And sometimes, when I look  
at it

Through half a veil of tears,  
I reach towards my memory  
To span the dragging years,  
And as my eyes grow still  
more dim

It almost disappears.  
Then from the frame I see  
my love

As though it were to-day,  
Come stepping out towards  
me

In her own especial way,  
She has a special smile for me  
That only we two know,  
She's radiant in her loveliness,

Why am I honoured so?  
I'm blinded by a mist of  
tears,  
And when I look again,  
There is my lovely photograph,  
Still standing in its frame.

**C. E. G.**

# Sandspytte

Being An Extract  
From The Diary of  
Daniel Jepsy,  
Traveller

By "Michael."

OF delights bath this city of Kurrachee, to are her citizens much set upon their wits for the devising of sports and pastimes and this especially in time of war.

Hence ariseth the custom prevailing in this city, whereby certain rich merchants and officers of the Crown et alio do betake themselves upon the Lord's Day by water to a parcel of desert, nomine Sandspytte, that lieth to the westward beside the sea, and there dip themselves with their wives and their children in bathing and drinking of ales and sundry curious waters of the country and in copious eating of meats, and thereafter in sleeping upon beds; for they have upon this strand busts, albeit of a rough and ready fashioning, wherein to shelter from the sun's heat and from the rude prying of their fellows and of the barbarous fisherfolk that do inhabit those parts. And in those divers pastimes they do make merry and are of exceeding good cheer from morn till eve returning only in the dusk, when you shall see the sails of their crafts cometh like great sailboats home across the waters to their haven.

Now, as it chanced, about the tenth day of my sojourn in Kurrachee, that a certain comely man did bid me be of his number upon an expedition to this said Sandspytte, so I did sally forth at cock-crow, (as it seemed to me who am no disciple of the poor Dublin city of rising), and sat me in a "ghurche," (which is a most villainous sort of coach commonly offered for hire in these parts).

Notwithstanding this, I sat in a "ghurche" being clapped down by a scurvy nag as I ever clapped eyes on, yet did the vile arid upon the box so flatter Jeph in mirth of his poor Dublin that he did come merrily enough within the space of half an hour unto the jetty at which the boats did lie; where, asoft to say, I did most thankfully set four once more upon Mother Earth for the swaying and the swinging and the growning of the coach, which had no little affrighted me upon the way.

Yet had I not taken above two paces from the spot, when I was set upon by such a news of foul and stinking knives as, pray God, shall never again be my ill fortune to fall in with; and they a-catching at my limbs and calling upon their hands to tug in such a way as such wise as "Koolisari, koolisari," so that I could scarce live for the throng and the screech of them. And assuredly had I not both hurt and discomfited at their hands but that there came among them a stout english sergeant, who did lay about him most lustily crying in a great voice, "Boko, boko," and "Saba cheese wopuss" to their great despite so that they were speedily put to flight; and so to my deep contentment. And he did put me in mind of him of whom the proper Isaiah saith, when he said, "One thousand shall flee at the rebuke of one."

Anon to the water's edge and my host and hostess there awaiting me with their two children and these being of a most sprightly humour and a merry heart, and the tortoise for a plaything and the other a little spade for the building of castles upon the strand. Wherein, methought, might lie haply the seeds of dissension; and rightly so, for we had been but a small while upon the water and there arose a contention betwixt the ravin, the one desiring the tortoise and the other not willing that he should have it. And anon the brother aiming his sister upon the head with his spade, she fell to lamenting pitcrouly; and upon the father chiding his son for his cruelty there arose such an ululation about the waters as did affright the very



"REALLY Huh!—You may have been bestman at my wedding, but you needn't start aspiring to be co-respondent, at my divorce!"

birds among the mangroves encompassing the creek. And thereafter peace for a while; for mine host, perceiving the cause liable to wit the tortoise, lying upon her back upon the floor all unwinding of the fray, did take her up and press her straitly within a little basket beside the boat's mast; wherein did lie great comfort for the tortoise, this same basket containing many fair meats and salads devised for the delighting of our company. And she anon, having had her fill of feasting, did contrive to clamber from her delectable durance and thence upon the boat's floor all besmeared with pates and sauces to the great present merriment and later doleour of us all. And so softly to Sandspytte albeit not in great haste, for that we did lodge a while upon a mudflat, at which time the sailors going overhead to lighten our craft, needs must mine host's great fool of a dog do likewise; and being brought at last inland again did so go about and shake himself as he hesperus us mightily with water and mud to our great discontent.

Thereafter upon our coming to Sandspytte mine host did straight way press me that I should bathe. But I, mindful of the great rudeness of the waves and moreover of certain tales I had heard concerning a little mean sort of fish known as Bluchotte or Portuguese Man-of-war in this sea, the which, they say, stingeth most horribly, would not do so. But mine host using presently down to the sea, I did shortly perceive him hopping like a wild Horrentos and crying "Ho" and "Hey" in a great voice; and coming nimbly anon to the wharfe he did groan and blasphemous most wofully, calling upon his wife for liquor wherewith to assuage his discomfort; the which, alas, she could not give him for the lack of some device, which they do call in these parts the "Koolik Cheese." Wherefore he, greatly wroth, did seize a bottle of ale and brake the neck thereof upon the sill of the boat; and the upon that the ale did run suddenly out for the most part upon my nose, as which mishap he did laugh most heartily and I too, for the matter of that, albeit

with less conviction. And but a little while later, to add to the sum of our misfortune, did mine host's great fool of a dog in leaping higher and thinner knock down and break the flask containing the ice wherewith to cool our drinks to mine host's great sorrow, such flasks being very costly, it seems, in these warlike times.

And thereafter having drunk somewhat of warm ale and a warm gin or two withal and having eaten of such meats as the tortoise had not seen fit to defile, I, under the persuasion of Morpheus, did go and lay me full gladly upon a mattress within the shade. But mine host, perceiving me, did upbraid me sorely for my slothfulness, saying that there were dishes to be washed. And so down to the sea with a pile of platters; and I somewhat cast down albeit smiling bravely withal. Moreover, in this disgusting employ did I acquit myself to the great displeasure of mine host for the breaking of a dish and the loss of a piece or twain of cutlery in the surf.

Durum's sad levis fit patientia, as Plateneth hath it.

Thereafter at last to bed, but not to sleep; for scarce had I lain upon it when mine host's wife, coming secretly did contrive to unlatch it so that it fell straightway down and did engulf me utterly within its beams and canvas. And while I lay thus helpless this same spring did fall to mocking my plight most mirthfully and to burying me with sand in such wise as would have done credit to any sexton. And being at last released from my imprisonment and half choked with sand whilst, all thoughts of sleep being now fled from me, I did

## "Five Per Cent For Heating!"

On Simla's icy mountain-top  
We live—mid snow and hail and sleet—

Mild cold and rain  
With frozen feet—  
Without a drop of water hot!  
Our noses red—  
Our spirits blue—  
We are a patriotic crew!  
But there is one thing that we resent,  
And it is that extra five per cent

### FOR HEATING!

Hotels are draughty, bleak, and cold

But still they charge "for heating!"

And if the inmates make so bold  
To summon courage to complain,  
Their rates are only raised again  
At the next Directors' Meeting!  
We're rather smelly and unwashed  
Because there's no hot water—  
And if we ask for it we're squashed  
And told we didn't oughter!  
We're told we're awfully lucky  
To pay double for a stibble,  
And that we must be plucky  
And remember those unable  
To live in all this "luxury"  
Where hotels throw in pneumonia  
—free!

And think how worse off we would be  
Were we in Enemy Territory—ee—  
(But that's not helping you and me!)

And still we pay for "heating!"

### Chorus

We've measles and chills  
And all other ills  
To which the flesh is heir.  
We're cold and we're damp—  
We've no coal and scarce wood—  
We'd be clean—if we could—  
But we've no water for washing—  
And what is so crushing—  
And so dashed unfair—  
And so hard to bear—  
And what takes so much heating—  
And causes this sad bleating—  
Is, as I hope you're aware,  
THAT WE'RE STILL PAYING  
FOR "HEATING!"

### "Punat."

assign myself therewith to gazing sadly upon the sea and did duly get me a great headache therefrom, so that I was hard put to it thereafter to wear the proper air of enjoyment fitting to this sort of occasion.

And at last, the evening growing chill, to the boat again to my content, and so homeward peacefully, contrary to say, but that the tortoise did fall overboard, whether by design or chance I know not, to the great grief of the little mad, who would not be comforted for all that her father did assert again and again that the said tortoise was but a turtle in truth and would fare exceeding well in the water.

And so to mine own lodgings and to the case of mine own chair and a goblet of fair searck whisky. And anon to me lying and pondering my contentment did come a messenger bearing a billet, the which I opening did read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Jepsy, We are making up a party for next Sunday for Sandspytte and would be very happy if you would be of our number—"

### RATIONING

If you have difficulty under our rationing scheme in procuring your copy regularly write to the Circulation Manager, The "Onlooker," United India Building, Sir Pithroshak Mehta Road, Bombay.

# Letters To A Military Secretary

By "Mew."

c/o No. 1001 P.O. DE COLOGNE,  
20 JAN. 1944.

From  
Bridget A. Thau,  
(ex-Military).

MY DEAR PERCY,  
"Love conquers all," as the WREN said to the Embarkation Officer ■ Bombay, "except me, Major." And worse even than the Jap I hate subbling over money matters with a friend—so you can have my aiguelletes and feathers for 150 bucks down.  
Oh boy, this jungle stuff is great. You must have seen in the papers how we caught that bunch of Japs at Sumatundaid? My chap, wizards. Trained sem myself. Send the cheque to my bank.

Love to all,  
ALBERT.

GOVT. HOUSE,  
1 FEB.

From  
The Lady File.  
PERCY,

The Red Cross Dance. We are giving it in G.H. on St. Patrick's Day in March. At dinner last night with Sir Jasper Hooghly I arranged the following details:  
Date: St. Patrick's Day, 21st March.  
Band: The Boogie-Woogies from the Frolic. (Try and get their services free.)  
Dapper: We will give it.  
Bar: Major Leggermain of the Ruces will run it.  
Tickets: Rs. 5 each. You will arrange.  
Publicity: I think you can do this also.  
Cabaret: I feel sure Lois would like to do this. How is she I haven't seen her lately?

Sir Jasper said we should get 2,000 people, which will be about 20,000 for the Red Cross if managed properly. Marvellous, isn't it?  
M. F.

BOMBUTTA,  
3 FEB.

From  
Sir Jasper Hooghly,  
Chairman, Amalgamated Consolidation.

MY DEAR SNORRYNGE,  
Since Lady File discussed our plans for the Red Cross Ball next month I have had time to put our proposals down on paper for you to work on, viz:  
(a) Bar. Hoeger Leggermain, the trainer, has agreed to run it. He'll do it all right, but for the sake of our stomachs, linings supervise the liquor. He'll dilute country liquor with arrack and call it Scotch to make two annas profit.  
(b) Band. Cut out all this waggling swing stuff.  
(c) Tickets and Publicity. Don't be afraid to splash your advertisements. It always pays. You should be able to sell 2,000 tickets, which should give us a profit of about 7,000.  
(d) Cabaret. If you arrange one make it hot.  
(e) Date. St. Lwoin's Day, 25th March, I think. Switch it up.

Yours aye,  
J. HOOGHLY.



Cecil Beaton.

An attractive picture of Mrs. Paterson, wife of Lt.-Col. V. J. E. Paterson, who commands a battalion of the Bombay Grenadiers. Mrs. Paterson is a New Zealander. This is a typically Beatonque photograph which the artist has made full use of the beauty of Calcutta's Government House.

BOMBUTTA,  
3 FEB.

From  
Lady Filegaur.  
MY DEAR MAJOR SNORRYNGE,  
What can I do to help you with the Red Cross Ball? I have been looking after some charming little girls, Wacs and Wrens. We could arrange a short Cabaret of Folk Songs, Gavottes and Country Dances in rustic costumes if Captain Costigan and Captain Abbit would help us with the male parts. We would require only four rehearsals with the band in the ball-room if you would arrange transport for all.  
Yours sincerely,  
AMELIA FOREGRAS.

P.S. Bombutta has never seen anything like this before.

TURF CLUB,  
BOMBUTTA,  
5 FEB.

From  
Major Leggermain.  
MY DEAR PERCY,  
Jasper, curse him, Hooghly has landed me like a sucker to run the Bar for the Red Cross Do on St. Andrew's Day at the end of March. It's a big job these hard days as you know most people go to dances to get drink. I reckon we'll need 12 cases of Scotch to attract the dancers. So will you get the Excise Commissioner to permit me to buy 3 cases of Scotch, and I'll fix the rest. I'll make 100 per cent profit and serve 'em right.  
I feel bitter as hell about drink in war-time. My stomach is so acid that when I breathe on blotting-paper it behaves like litmus.  
Yours, HORSEY.

# Mixed Cricket

By "Bex"

Inspired by a memorable cricket match at Ramulpindi.

THE ladies play the doctors. Near the statue of the Queen, But all the ladies don't yet know the game. So their Captain sent a memo (Which I'm lucky to have seen) Giving hints about the playing of the same.  
Pam Hall she is the Captain, And I'd like to see her bowl! The leather sphere reminding of her name But she put herself at wicket—She was right, upon my soul! For her keeping was a feature of the game!

She detailed all the bowlers, Several days before the match. To enable them to practise for the day: Sent a warning to the fielders that they must not miss a catch, And which should move when ever called—such was the game!

She further told the fielders To return the fielded ball To the bowler or the wicket-keeper's end—Whichever might be nearer; And on no account at all To be late! (She knows her sex's fatal trend!)

They could dress in shorts or trousers, But the latter she advised For more comfort in the strapping of the pads! And to make the chances even, She had cunningly devised Left-hand batting—ay, and folding—for the lads!

How in Para 6 I found it: What I'd long been waiting for—"Play an hour each way!"—and then to hear or see! Si sit omnes! I can watch it Without finding it a bore! (How much better than two days, or maybe three!)

So I'm going out to see it, And I'll tell you what I see! On the Sports Ground near the Statue of Queen Vic. (In case there may be bruises, How convenient it will be Having all the doctors there, to tend the sick.)

The ladies faced the bowling And they hit it strong and true And the tall (who hoped they wouldn't have to bat!) Didn't do so badly either. By the time the hour was over The score was three and seventy. Of that The Captain made the highest With fifteen, and Joyce made twelve. (She picked the brains of those who went before, And remarked that it was obvious if you really cared to delve That the way to score was—boundary, boundary four!)

A senior Sapper, watching "Oh, you stupid women!" cried, When they couldn't make their minds up if to run. It was Pam whose balls were lifted—She, the one who really tried!—"I was honest, just for saying 'Ain't it fun!'"  
"He's a dreadful man, the bowler!"  
"But the wicket-keeper's a pet—He tells you when to run and when to stay!"  
"Oh, you shouldn't drop your bat!"  
"No, we won't come out just yet—Though our Captain says 'declare.' We want to play!"

Their feeling quite surprised me, And the bowling wasn't bad, And they got the doctors out for seventy. When three of them rushed shrieking for a catch, 'twas very sad! But Joyce's brilliant catch made up for plenty! I hope we'll see some more Of these excellent diversions, For with practice they'll perfect the noble art! And despite my playful verses I am casting no aspersions—We were none of us so brilliant at the start!

(St. Patrick's Day to you Saxons). Could you have this Notice put in the Personal Column of the "Bombutta Times"?

"It is proposed to hold a St. Patrick's Day Dinner at the Bombutta Club on March 17th. His Excellency the Governor (Fellow T.C.D.) will preside. All other fellows from T.C.D. should apply to Captain Lew Costigan, A.D.C. Gov. House for tickets."

We must have some Irish whiskey. Could you write to the Excise Commissioner and ask him if in a small amount of Jameson for us—say 12 dozen?

Yours, Lew.

THE FROLIC,  
BOMBUTTA,  
FEB.

From  
Ignatius Rzydsko,  
Maestro, Boogie-Woogie Symphony, Swing Dynamic Orchestra.

SIR,  
Your kind letter of 2nd to hand with regard to Their Excellencies' appeal for my orchestra for the Red Cross. We are delighted ■ accept the invitation.

We are reserving the following hot swing numbers just orchestrated from an American squeeze-box friend entitled:  
1. "You can swing me high maybe but you can't swing me to bye-bye, baby."  
2. "Arakant you love me, Tojo, you sove?" (Words by Captain Bud Abbit.)  
3. "Your lips, June, may drip soon in the moonson, dear, but dawn will crack some day."

Our maestro percussion lyricist, Aloysius Toscanini, is enjoying Holt Festival that period but am glad to inform you Captain Abbit has kindly consented to officiate on the drums.

Yours respectfully,

I. RZYDSKO,  
MAESTRO.

From  
Captain Lew Costigan, A.D.C.

PERCY, OLD TANK,  
Out riding with H.E. this morning he suggested that we should have a St. Patrick's Day Dinner for old Trinity College men on the sacred 17th March



Members of the Sukkur W.V.S. (who also run a soldiers' canteen at Rohri Junction) at a Red Cross Work Party. Reading from L. to R. are:—(STANDING) Miss Merchant, Mrs. Holt, President of the W.V.S., and wife of Mr. E. H. Holt, I.C.S. Collector, Sukkur, on the verandah of whose bungalow this photograph was taken; Mrs. Judge, wife of Mr. D. Judge, late D.S.P., Sukkur, now in Karachi; Mrs. Hindenburg, wife of Mr. H. Hindenburg, Manager, Associated Cement Company, Rohri; Mrs. Crosbie, Convener of the Red Cross Work Party and wife of Mr. J. Crosbie, Mechanical Engineer for Sind, P.W.D., and Mrs. Thompson, Hon. Secretary, W.V.S. and wife of Mr. A. C. B. Thompson, Agent, Imperial Bank of India, Sukkur. (SITTING) Miss Norma Birkett, Mrs. Lewis, wife of Mr. F. Lewis, late Deputy Supt. of Police, Sukkur, now in Shikapur; Miss Sahibsing, daughter of Mr. T. Sahibsing Adani, Advocate; Mrs. Longman, wife of Mr. W. N. Longman, Supt., Jail, Sukkur; Mrs. Advanwalla, Mrs. Bam, wife of Mr. P. Bam, Chief Engineer, Associated Cement Co., Rohri and Mrs. Birkett, wife of Mr. R. Birkett, Sukkur. Members unable to be present include:—Mrs. Paymaster, wife of Mr. B. B. Paymaster, Sessions Judge; Mrs. Mulchand, Mrs. Sethna, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Pirzada, Mrs. Kulkabadi, Mrs. Pinto, Miss Surabji and Miss Bhanocha.



Mrs. Alex Burns-Lawson at the Bombay Races. She is just recovering from the hard week's work she did at the Red Cross Fete organised by Mrs. Talpurkhan and at which she successfully conducted "Ye Old Ship Inn."



The Children's Recreational Centre, Lahore, which is being run by the Punjab Children's Aid Society, and which is the hub of various activities of the children, was visited recently by Lady Glancy. Those in the group include:—Mrs. B. L. Rulia Ram, Mrs. Puri, Mrs. Pandit, Mrs. Nasir, Lady Glancy, D. B. Raja Narendra Nath, Mrs. Barucha, Miss E. M. White, in charge of the Centre, and Mr. J. G. Bhandari.



The exhibition in the Victory Shop at Simla of Red Cross Hospital Stores and comforts and samples of Prisoners of War parcels during Red Cross Week was of interest. Practical demonstrations were also given. The sum raised in Simla during the Week amounts to over Rs. 18,000. The group in front of Victory Shop shows from L. to R.:—Mrs. Baswari, Mrs. Andrews, Nursing Officer; Mrs. Phlipson, Mrs. Tennant, L. Dist. Supt.; Mrs. Moore, Nursing Sister and Mrs. Bapty.



Members of the Indian War Services Entertainment Committee, Vizagapatam, which is working for the amities of the Indian troops and officers. The various activities of the Committee include taking the mobile canteen to the various units, arranging free cinema shows, entertaining the troops with music and magic, free tiffin coupons and selling various articles at the lowest cost price, visiting hospital and distributing sweets and so on to the T.O.N. patients. From L. to R. are:—(FRONT ROW) Mrs. Manekji, Miss Lazarus, Mrs. Iwariah, Mrs. P. N. Ramaswami (President), Mrs. P. S. Naidu, Dr. (Miss) Naidu, and Rao Sahib P. S. Naidu. (BACK ROW) Mr. M. Parthabhirama Reddi, Mr. S. J. Reddi, Mr. P. Marudaveedu, Dr. Iwariah, Mr. D. Sitaramamurti, Secretary, and Mr. M. Venkataraman.



Hamilton Studio

The women of Bombay are doing a very real job of war work in the St. John Ambulance Brigade Transport Unit. In this photograph are: FRONT ROW, L.-R.:—Cpl. Mrs. V. Pointon, Cpl. Miss A. D. Dubash, Cpl. Mrs. E. C. Rigby, Cpl. Mrs. P. Munday, Sgt. Miss P. Mistri, Sgt. Mrs. H. E. Cox, Supt. Mrs. L. W. Boulter, Commandant Mrs. S. E. C. White, Tpt. Officer Mrs. A. Kirkwood Brown, Tpt. Officer Mrs. H. F. Milne, Sgt. Mrs. L. L. Hansen, Sgt. Mrs. J. Stobhart, Mrs. A. R. D. Wadia, Cpl. Mrs. W. R. Eldridge, Cpl. Mrs. B. H. Mayes; SECOND ROW, L.-R.:—Mrs. A. Rowland Jones, Mrs. J. Mauby, Mrs. S. Kleinberg, Mrs. M. H. Mehta, Mrs. J. H. Chew, Mrs. T. Hinchcliffe, Mrs. C. E. Rudd, Mrs. B. Cashinath, Mrs. T. J. Bhurda, Mrs. M. B. Parker, Mrs. F. G. Lobb, Mrs. L. M. Morrison, Mde. R. C. Van Damme, Mrs. G. A. Sheri, Miss B. Khambatta, Mrs. G. Wickersham; THIRD ROW, L.-R.:—Miss T. Lloyd, Mrs. S. N. Karani, Mrs. M. Lawson, Mrs. C. Hardcastle, Mrs. E. Wilkinson, Mrs. R. Sethna, Mrs. Lyulph Davis, Mrs. D. D. Billimoria, Mrs. A. K. Gohwalla, Miss R. Bunker, Mrs. M. F. Harvey, Mrs. G. C. K. Jolley, Miss P. Davar, Mrs. E. D. M. Abbott, Mrs. D. Faulds, Miss M. Geddis, Mrs. M. Mathalone, Mrs. A. Keir; BACK ROW, L.-R.:—Mrs. D. F. Turner, Mrs. A. H. Galloway, Mrs. J. Dumble, Miss D. Goudry, Miss P. Contractor, Mrs. R. Johannessen, Mrs. N. A. C. Wadia, Mrs. A. Smith, Mrs. V. Oudia, Mrs. E. Wood, Mrs. H. F. Burdett, Mrs. P. Fielden, Mrs. P. J. Wormald, Mrs. V. F. Hawkins; ABSENT ON DUTY:—Tpt. Officers Mrs. W. E. Brown, and Mrs. L. S. Moolgavker, Drivers, Mrs. H. L. Davis, Mrs. M. N. Dalal, Mrs. G. W. Harrison, and Mrs. C. S. Pettit.



Lt-General Flint, N. W. Army, in happy mood at tea with Brigadier and Mrs. Stubblings, during the visit of H. E. the Commander-in-Chief to the K.G.R.I.M. School, Jhelum, to open the new house named after him, Auchinleck House.



Some of the officers of a Divisional Headquarters "somewhere in India." From L. to R. are:—Capt. Bakshi Sing, Major (the Rev.) W. Hall, Lt. W. H. Fairhurst, Major H. B. Grimley, M.B.E., and Capt. N. L. Macansey.



(L. to R.) Major Johnny Miller, Capt. Gee-Heaton and Lt. Phillipson, all of the R.I.A.S.C., face the sun with a smile, from a station "somewhere in India."



A happy Sunday morning trio at the Jullundur Club, L. to R. are:—Capt. J. Hodgson, Miss J. Hinchcliffe, Q.A.I.M.N.S.R., and Capt. C. Bashby.



Officers of a Madras Regt. Battalion snapped during an off duty period. They are (from L. to R.):—(IN FRONT) Lt. W. Walters, Capt. K. B. A. Easthope and Capt. M. M. Bucher. (IN THE REAR) Lt. J. A. C. Franklin and Capt. J. H. Williams.

Have You Read about:

## "The Red Tape Worm"

On Page 95 of "The Onlooker" Book of Verse.

See Page 50 for full details.



Capt. George Anderson, "Andy" to most of his friends, watches the game with great interest, while awaiting his turn to bat.



At an "At Home" given by Capt. A. A. Greenwood and Capt. Nawabzada S. Murtaza Ali Khan, As.D.C. to H.E. the Commander-in-Chief. Front row to R. are: Capt. J. B. Fortune, M.C., S.Ldr. F. T. Cox, Capt. G. H. U. Crookshank, Capt. J. Schuller, Capt. A. A. Greenwood, Capt. Nawabzada S. Murtaza Ali Khan, Major P. D. Coars, S.Ldr. D. S. Wilson, Capt. the Earl of Euston, and Lt.-Col. W. R. P. Ridgway, T.D.



Officers of an Indian Air Force Squadron had a day off recently in Bhopal, where they enjoyed boating and swimming. Photograph shows from L. to R.:—(STANDING) P/O Roy, P/O Barua, F/O Akhtar, S.Ldr. Prithvipal Singh, F/O Mehra, P/O David, P/O Ewar, P/O Noronha, F/O Decca, E/O Bakshi, P/O Nurelali, P/O Deshmukh, and F/O Sayeedan. (SITTING) F/O Bose, F/O Thapar, F/O Asghar Khan, P/O Chawla and P/O Guha. The Indian Air Force celebrates the anniversary of its establishment in April.



With full Olympic rituals, H.E. the Commander-in-Chief declared open the Yadendra Stadium at Patiala in the presence of a huge gathering, including Lady Auchinleck. Their Highnesses of Rampur, Nabha and Jind, and high civil and military officers. In the picture H.E. the C-in-C., accompanied by H.H. the Maharajah of Patiala, is seen arriving at the Olympic Stadium.



The Supreme Commander, S.E.A.C., recently visited some Coastal Forces personnel. The officers seen here from L. to R. are:—Commander Ashby, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., Capt. Bushbridge, O.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lt. Hamish Mackenzie, Burma R.N.V.R., Lt. Hoyer-Cook, R.I.N.V.R., and Lt. Franklin, R.I.N.R.



Col. Johnson Cole, Assistant Director of Recruiting, and Vice-Admiral Godfrey, F.O.C., R.I.N., photographed at the War Services Exhibition held recently in Patiala, in connection with the Olympic Games.



The Children's Meet, outside the Kennels, Peshawar Vale Hunt.

## Why Not Keep A Hunting Diary?

By Georgina.

ON my ninth birthday, some time ago now, I'm afraid, I was presented with a book, which was to be my Hunting Diary. It was a stout, leather-covered, exercise book, and on the fly leaf the donor wrote my name, followed by these instructions: "First put the date, day of month and year—then what Hounds you were out and where they met, where they found, where they ran, whether they killed—how long they ran—when and where they checked—what you rode—how you were carried—who was out and anything else of note."

For children this is an ideal and most acceptable gift, because looking back one can get a great deal of amusement out of reading one's amateurish efforts, but I don't think it matters when one starts. I used to write up my hunts most meticulously every evening on my return from hunting, and later I also added "Showings," Point-to-Point, and any other horse event in which I took part. Before me now I have a most interesting (if only to myself) record of all my hunts, shown to and on from my first day, aged nine up to the present time. Sometimes I admit it needed a little will power to get down to pen and paper, but it is worth it.

### Photos Of My Horses

I pasted in photos of many of the ponies and, later, horses I rode hunting and showing, numerous paper cuttings of runs, Hunt Balls, show results together with Show Catalogues and photographs from illustrated papers—perhaps, my judges, or fellow-competitors, if not of myself! I was also fairly apt with my pencil, as are many people who love riding and horses, and I illustrated fairly profusely when I was young, such events as when I once, at a tender age, on getting a prize at a local show, had a race round with the winner, prizewinner in a most undignified manner twice round the ring (I couldn't stop!), and other amusing episodes.

I do feel unconsciously grateful to my grandfather, who gave it to me, because it is a continual source of amusement and interest, and it is fair to recall the runs one has perhaps forgotten, to see how one's writing changes from year to year, and also encourages the young entry to take note of what bounds are doing, so that at the end of a day they can write up a fair (or not entirely adequate) description. I have accounts of hunts with the Holderness, York and Ebor, South Devon, Surrey and Burrow, Delhi, Kialpur and P.V.H., of shows all over India, and in many parts of England, of pageant, symphonies, Point-to-Point, and many illustrations, to mention the contents but briefly. So I suggest, if you are hard put to think of a suitable gift for a niece in England, or one of your

keen young offspring in India, you give her or him a Hunting Diary as it is obviously a gift which will be appreciated, or again if you have leisure hours to spare occasionally, and hope to get the odd day's Hunting and Showing now and again, begin one yourself.

### Hunting At 9

Here, word for word, spelling included, is the account I wrote of my second day's hunting, aged nine, so therefore you must not expect too much.

"December 31st 19—With the Holderness at Kilwick Ferry. We were in time for the meet, I tried about on Samba for quite a long time as I thought he would be fresh because he was very naughty yesterday. He behaved very well.

The Hounds drew a small cover in the Park and the fox ran out and we went after him, they did not kill it so then we went on to another place and found another fox after Hunting it for some time all came home.

I saw Jane and her two brothers, Grampada rode the Snowden Horse, O'Malley the Goh, Mary rode Pumping. There were no taggery and my Pony carried me very well."

Maybe that doesn't sound very exciting, but by the time I was thirteen I could write quite a good account in fair hunting language, so here's wishing you luck and, believe me, you or your children will be in for an immense amount of enjoyment.



Mrs. C. D. Taylor, wife of Lt.-Col. C. D. Taylor, well known before the war among members of the Bombay Hunt and Bombay Light, are seen here with one of her lovely Alsatians. Mrs. Taylor, "Freda", to her friends, received a Kaiser-Hind medal in the New Year's Honours.

## The Meerut Kadir, 1944

By Major G. P. Hall.

IT is difficult to describe the thrill of finding oneself back in the odd haunts after 15 months' absence. One's first thought is for one's horse; the mare, which is all one has left, last out two days' hunting? One no longer has a car nor has anyone else so a bus has to be hired. "Byle cars" cost double and butters want more but it is all well worth it.

A woman is now running the tent club. Old Hog Hunters will probably turn in their graves, but without the assistance of Mrs. Jackson and many who have helped during the war years, the M.T.C. would no longer have continued. I am on 10 days' leave, but others are working and if they can snatch a day in the Kadri they have certainly not got the time to lay on the bundash.

We hope to leave at two o'clock in order to arrive in time for a few hours' bird shooting as there will be no time for that on the morrow. Perhaps the journey is best forgotten as only the dogs achieve a modicum of comfort. Suffice it to say that we arrive at last to be greeted by old Babu, the shikari and his camel, which looks more supercilious than ever.

"Salaam Babu!" He looks younger, although he must be over 70, and we tell him so which pleases him a lot.

"Are there any more?" A look of vast contempt spreads over his face. "Of course there are more; at least six." But that is all for tomorrow and we only have two hours in which to shoot something for the pot. A quick look at the horses and we are off. It is all Black Partridge, mostly in sugar cane and we are all out of practice. We shoot abominably but it is great to handle a gun again and get back to hot tea and whiskey in front of a roaring camp fire.

### A Chilly Start

A chilly start before dawn as we are hunting Bijoor Island, six miles away and the 'bahai' will have to swim the Ganges as the bridge of boats will not carry his weight. We are on the hunting ground at last but only three spears. John Glen, the policeman, who is an old hand and Chris Lewis, our Group Captain, itching to try his hand with a spear for the first time, and myself.

Cover is terribly thick and three hours beating off false alarms lowers everyone's spirits. It is always thick at this time of the year, a fact that one is apt to forget, but Babu is imperturbable and mind, as he has a half for lunch.

We start again in a better frame of mind and before we are to minutes on the line the 'cave wallah's' flag goes up. He is no fool so it must be a rabbit and we all dash forward but the bear has a long start and is lost. Nothing for us but to canter back and start the line again.

"Where did the brute go?" If only one knew!

My wife, who is with Babu on the camel, sees something in a bush. We

gather round, but the old man says it is only a hare. However, he consents to put the camel into it.

"Woo! woo!", a thundering big pig crashes out. Beaters scatter in every direction and we are after it. A fair pig for its size but we have a start this time. Oh, the thrill of galloping over the Kadri on a good horse. That was a nallah but the mare saw it first and we are over. A bit of thick stuff but we nurse him through it and are out in the open again. Pig getting tired and means business.

Anyone's pig but Chris is on him. No! He has turned and is coming to me. Blast! He has jinked and John has speared but he is coming to a shaft. A good pig this and he is coming to my again. Oh, what joy! That was a good one and slowed him up but I must put in another quickly as the mare is tiring. Thick cover again and I overtake him. He turns like a flash and is into us. A bad spear that and the mare's heels go over. A sickening thud. Has he got us? No, the mare has caught him a corker and he is down. Well done, fill.

We all seem to be stuck at the end, girls and camel. Oh, for an lead truck! How long did it last? Perhaps only ten minutes but every second packed with thrills. The girls want to get home before dark as it is a three hour back and Chris must go with them.

### Grass Eight Feet High

The mare is done and has to hunt the next day but John can lend me another and Babu has a place we must try. Can there be a pig in such a small cover? There is, but he breaks on John's side. "Wub jee" and one is crashing through grass eight feet high. Into the open I last, but John has a 100 yards start. This is child's play but the pig has a point and if he makes it is safe.

A nasty-looking ditch ahead. Does the horse jump? He does, but it is not there of ditch one should have jumped and we are in it. Will he roll on my legs? He does, but the ground is soft here and I am up again. John Babu has a pencher marked down and to give the 'coup de grace.' Nice work John, another 11 yards and the pig would have made it.

It is nearly dark now and we must be eight miles from camp. A long luck after a hard day but one has much to talk over and tomorrow we hunt again. Babu has a pencher marked down and we may be able to sit up for that before we leave.

Such is a day in the Kadri, inadequately described, but can you wonder that one always returns again?

### LIFE IN INDIA

Huntin', Shootin' and Fishin',  
Mirrored in Amusing Verse.

See Advertisement on page 50.



During the Jacobabad Horse Show week Mr. Roger Pearce, the Collector, and his wife, and Mr. Andrew Davies, D.S.P. (extreme left), had large house parties although, as hosts and hostess, they did not appear to have been unduly worried. In the centre is one of the most entertaining visitors, Major Denis Abar, impersonating Mr. Middleton behind the holylocks in the Residency garden. On the right are a few of the members of the house parties. They are from L. to R.—Mrs. Dae, Mrs. (Bunt) Thompson, Mrs. Jane Holt, wife of Mr. E. H. Holt, Collector of Sukkur, Richard Holt, and Mr. Reginald Simpson, I.P.

## Tiger Shooting In Indian Forests

By Major G. S. Puri

IN India, it is a wide and common belief that tigers are common in the protected forests and that a person keen on shooting has only to visit one of the forests and his interview with a tiger is a matter of course. The dreams of a young shikari in this direction, however, are quickly shattered after his first visit to the forest, where he may have spent a good deal of time and money trying to bag one of these, and the falsity of the above belief is quickly realised.

In forests which are easily accessible and are only a day or two's journey from large cities much slaughter has been done by so-called 'week-end' shikaris, who, by killing and wounding wild animals like deer on which the tiger preys, have destroyed the latter's natural food and have driven him to seek it much away from borders of civilisation where game may still be had for stalking.

In hill ranges and big forests a sportsman still sometimes sees the sight of big pigs made on soft ground but beyond this there is no further evidence of their existence as tigers are great travellers and each one wanders over a large area stalking game which he loves, and sometimes killing cattle, not confined to one village but one here and one there, in places long distances apart. Therefore, these days a shikari's hope must be supported by 'luck' if he is to bag one.



This photograph was taken a few hours after the shoot and shows the author, Major G. S. Puri, seated on the tiger's stiffened body.

Man-eating tigers are extremely rare but they still inspire terror in the hearts of villagers living near jungles as no villager can feel safe over the area ranged by such a beast. I had the good fortune to shoot one a few years ago which had killed few unfortunate innocents. The chief victims were wood-cutters or young boys looking after cattle. There is generally no escape for such, as a man-eater crawls to within a few yards unnoticed, one rush, a spring, a sharp cry of pain and terror from the unfortunate, perhaps, whilst the murderer makes for some thick hide with his prey to make his meal. I have no desire to tell that story here in detail as it has already been told elsewhere.

### Shooting From Elephants

Much has been said about various methods employed in shooting tigers as this form of sport cannot be compared to shooting or stalking other game. Some prefer howdah shooting from elephants, where high grass prevents a sportsman getting a clear view of the game even at a distance of few yards apart. More experienced prefer to stalk, some arrange large organised beats and others sit over kills. I have personally never experienced shooting a tiger with the help of elephants, though I believe this form of sport must be very interesting and exciting. It is mainly confined to those with large pockets who can afford considerable expense.

I have had occasions when I could have arranged to hire one or two elephants in the jungle but I have always avoided them for reasons of my own, chief of which was the risk involved in using an untrained animal which will not face a tiger.

I have frequently organised beats but except in two cases, these have almost always resulted in the tiger coming through the ring. On one of these beats I had arranged to beat a particular plantation for sambur and deer or anything else that might turn up. The beat began and after a short time I

caught a glimpse of a few sambur running down the *malab* to my right about 200 yards away. Selecting a good head, I fired my rifle at the running sambur, and it fell.

The beat was soon over as the men no sooner heard a shot fired than they left off in a hurry to see what had been killed in spite of my protests, and contrary to all instructions given.

I pointed out to beaters the direction which the other sambur had taken and told them to go around that hill and start beat from behind working it down the *malab* where I would take up a position. This done, the men went on to the next beat and I selected a suitable place and waited. After some time I heard the shouts of beaters afar off, but their progress was slow. No sambur appeared and I got a bit tired and drowsy

(Continued on page 44)

## My Shooting Autobiography

### 8. First Days in Persia

By Major H. L. Herdon, M.B.E.

WE arrived in Persia in September, 1918, to join the Bushire Field Force. Landing at Bushire last evening we marched the few miles to Reshir where we joined the Base camp. I had taken out a gun with me, a splendid 12 bore D.B. hammerless which I had bought some time before from that genial personality the late Duke Young of the North Western Railway, and I was soon socking out what game there was in the vicinity during my leisure hours. Actually there was very little; a few doves is all I can remember shooting!

However, I had some interesting rambles round the various Fortalezas, all but the British living fort and deserted. I remember walking with considerable curiosity round the big empty rooms of the German Consulate, picturing to myself brilliant functions and gatherings—and all the endless intrigue—which those deserted chambers must have seen in the past.

The German Consul himself had escaped into the interior shortly after the outbreak of war and, being a resourceful and ingenious old gentleman, had raised quite considerable amount of trouble for us over a period of a good many years. Cut off from all his resources, he yet managed to raise a lot of money for his campaign in a number of ingenious ways.

Those were the early days of wireless and certainly there were few of the inhabitants of Persia who had any

(Continued on page 44)



Mrs. Shah Chiny, with the panther she shot in the Bardo hills, while spending a short holiday in Kathiawar with Prince and Princess Fatehahil of Limbi.



Captain Roy Harris, recently in Ooty. Capt. Harris was stand-off half for Bath pre-war, and got a Trial for England.





## Uberoi-Lamba

S. Kuldip Singh Uberoi, son of Major Tezasingh Uberoi, with his bride, Sheila Lamba, daughter of Sardar Kuldip Singh Lamba, Honorary Magistrate and Provincial Darbari.



## White-Birks

S/Ldr. L. B. White, and Miss Lucille Birks, who were recently married in Bombay. From L. to R. are:—S/Ldr. A. Thompson, bridegroom and bride, Capt. C. J. Harrison and in front Penelope Rhodes.

Hamilton Studios.



## Wilkinson-Burns

Sub-Lt. Alan Wilkinson, R.I.N.V.R., with his bride, Miss Ruth Ellen Burns at the reception held at Admiral's House, Bombay, after their wedding at St. Thomas' Cathedral.



The engagement is announced between Lt. Colin Cameron Webb of Lahore and Miss Pamela Audrey Tutt of Simla.



## Grant-Ward

After the wedding recently at Bangalore of Capt. Christopher Grant, youngest son of the late Admiral Sir Heathcoat Salisbury Grant, K.C.M.G., K.C.B., and Lady Grant, of Both House, Nairn, Scotland, and Ella Margery Jackson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ward, The Cottage, Felmersham, Bedfordshire, England.



## Hooper-Sell

Mr. Leslie E. Hooper, elder son of the late Mr. F. E. Hooper and Mrs. Hooper of Madras was married recently at George's Cathedral, Madras, to Hazel Sell, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sell of Madras.



The engagement is announced between Major T. H. Hopkins, A.I.R.O., attached R.I.A.S.C., only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Hopkins of Weston Keynham, Somerset, and Audrey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lewis of Knowle, Bristol.



The engagement has been announced between Major John Richard Meredith, Indian Engineers, and Amoorlee Tea Estates, Assam, only son of Dr. and Mrs. R. W. H. Meredith, Bournemouth, and Daphne Barbara, eldest daughter of Mr. S. T. H. Munsey, I.S.E., United Provinces, and Mrs. Munsey.

## "Onlookers" For Abroad

We are glad to be able to inform readers that single copies of periodicals such as The Onlooker may be freely sent abroad without export licence.



#### Khatlan-Singhanla

Shrimati Mangla Gauri, the eldest daughter of Lala Kalishpatji Singhanla, the Director of J. K. Industries, President of Rotary Club of Cawnpore, and brother of Sir Padampatji Singhanla, R.L.A., married Sri Tej Narain Khatlan, son of Sri Debi Prasad Khatlan, M.L.A., of Calcutta. Mr. Debi Prasad Khatlan is Director of several prominent Birla concerns and is an eminent politician of Bengal. Important people from all over the country joined the ceremony and many valuable presents were received by the bride from her parents and their friends.



#### Wade-Gilchrist

S/Ldr. R. A. Wade, R.A.F.V.R., of Barnsley, Yorkshire, and Margaret Gibson Gilchrist, Q.A.I.M.N.S. (R), of Edinburgh, who were recently married at Secunderabad, Deccan.



#### Powell-Wilkinson

The marriage took place at Christ Church, Cawnpore, of Ronald Lloyd Powell and Zola Mary Wilkinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Wilkinson. The group photograph taken during the reception at White House, the home of the bride's parents, shows L. to R. (BACK ROW)—Miss Joan Gordon, the Rev. the Bishop of Rangoon, the bridegroom and the bride, Mr. J. J. MacMaster, bestman, Miss Annie West, and the Rev. D. J. Bower. (FRONT ROW)—Mr. Wilkinson, Morag Bannerman, Roy Hamilton, Jean Mears and Mrs. Wilkinson.



#### Jenkins-Sharpe

Capt. John Peter ("Junior") Jenkins and his bride Miss Yolande Sharpe, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. R. A. Sharpe of Hubli and Madras. The wedding took place recently at St. Andrew's Church, Hubli. There was a large attendance at the reception given by the bride's parents at their residence at Hubli and also at a cocktail party given in Belgaum in the evening at the house of Major and Mrs. Gould for those who could not, on account of petrol restrictions, attend the wedding. The young couple, who are well known and much liked in Belgaum, have settled down to work again.



#### Bingley-Chandraprabha Bai

Capt. B. R. Bingley, Director of Agriculture, Indore, and Honorary A.D.C. to His Highness the Maharaja Holkar, was married at Indore to Miss Chandraprabha Bai, daughter of Sardar R. K. Zamane.



#### Gore-Webb

The wedding took place recently at St. Joseph's Church, Rawalpindi, of Lt. Cuthbert Gore, F.E., son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Gore of Preston, Lancashire, and Dorothy Rose Webb, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Webb of Lahore and Lewton Abbott, Devon, and Mrs. Webb.



#### Joyne-Garnett

The wedding was celebrated recently in Palestine of Major C. P. A. Joyne, only son of Col. and Mrs. A. Joyne of New Delhi and Frinton-on-Sea, and Pamela Garnett, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Ingham of Exmouth, Devon.



#### Youngson-Liddell

Lieut. W. A. H. Youngson of the Gordon Highlanders att'd. 1st A.S.C. and Miss Winona Ann Liddell were recently married at Lucknow. The bride, who is the younger daughter of Major and Mrs. C. O. Liddell of Lucknow, wore a beautiful gown of chiffon lace. In attendance were Ilika Liddell, bridesmaid; Jennifer Twiss, flower girl; and Lieut. S. Harbisher, bestman.



F/O Harichand Dewan from Lahore (RIGHT) granted commission in the I.A.F. in 1940, he completed his training in England and was attached to a Bomber Squadron operating over enemy occupied Europe. To the LEFT is F/O Jagjit Singh of Amritsar, Navigator.



F/O Jagjit Singh of Amritsar (LEFT) and F/O Varma of Karachi, Jagjit, shot down while on operations, struggled back 70 miles on foot, by ferry and truck to his base. After a 36 hour sleep he was in the air again.



# Indian Air Force 11 Years



S/Ldr. Mehar Singh, Commanding Officer of the 11 Squadron, giving a brief account of his operations.



A cheerful evening in the mess.

## Many Happy Returns!

**E**LEVEN years old in April, 1944, the Indian Air Force can look back on a year during which, besides operational experience, it has continued to consolidate the progress made since the outbreak of war.

The development of the I.A.F.—the first completely Indian Service—from a small party of enthusiasts to its present place of importance in this war, is a story of achievement of which India should be proud.

Starting in 1933 with one flight only it made slow yet sure progress until 1939. Since then the expansion of I.A.F. has been rapid and simultaneously the process of re-equipping its squadrons with modern aircraft has gone ahead.

LEFT : ■ few of the pilots and air gunner. I.A.F. squadron pilots (sitting on wing from left to right): F/O Nurkar of Nagpur, F/O Aliqah, F/O Jaspat, F/O Aziz of Lucknow, F/O Dogra of Kangra, F/O Chak, F/O Dorabji of Madras and F/O S/Ldr. Lucknow, Air-Gunners (standing from left to right): F/O Andrews of Yorkshire, F/O Coe Lancashire, F/O Sadiq of Kohat, Sgt. Hyderabad, F/O Dastur of Bombay and F/O of Calcutta.

# Force Now s Old



I A F Hurricane Squadron  
travels to Air Marshal Sir John  
hi (facing camera)



the air crews after the day's work



F/O Baldev Singh Dogra the only Rajput from Kangra in the I A F (CENTRE) with  
his pet monkey Vengge the only lady with the squadron a present from an  
American pilot Vengge has taken part in many raids over Germany and Italy  
To the right: F/O Surjit Singh Jaspal the only pilot from Kapurthala and F/O Phillip  
Joseph Chandran (LEFT) of Bangalore who has been an instructor for some years  
Many of his pupils are now flying in operations with him



F/Lt Pajji Amrita  
pauze III face the  
camera before leaving  
on a sortie over  
enemy-occupied Burma



After being briefed this Vulture Vengeance crew hasten to their aircraft  
F/O Sharma pilot of Lucknow and F/O Sadiq the rearunner from Kohat



RIGHT Air crews sunning themselves on the  
Burma Front Group includes F/O  
Basu of Calcutta F/O Trevor Andrews  
of Yorkshire Sgt Pillai of Bombay  
F/O Aziz of Lahore F/O Sadiq  
of Kohat F/O Khan of Aligarh  
F/O Nerurkar of Nagpur Sgt Khan  
and F/O Marathe



This elegant young man is Prince Muzaffar Mohamud-khan, grandson of His Highness the Nawab Sahib Bahadur of Palampur. Prince Mohamud-khan is about 4½ years old and his "Bismillah" ceremony was celebrated recently.



Sandra and Rayfel are the children of Capt. Norman Roseman, R.A.O.C., now in India, and Mrs. Roseman, formerly of South Africa and now of London. Sandra was 3½ and Rayfel about a year older when the photograph was taken.



Mahboob and Foufik Chinoy, the two stalwart sons of Mr. and Mrs. Habib N. Chinoy of Bombay.



Stuart, Hugh and Michael are the three fine sons of the Resident in Mysore, Burma, Mrs. Adams, formerly of Rangoon. Mrs. Adams and the little girls are now residing in Darjeeling, N. India.



This attractive little fellow is Christopher Breenkin, son of Captain and Mrs. N. Breenkin of Mhow.



Carolyn Hester (generally known as "The Squak"), enjoying a holiday at Madhopur. She is the little daughter of Mr. A. M. R. Montagu, Chief Engineer and Secretary to Government, Punjab, P.W.D., I.B., and Mrs. Montagu.



These three jolly youngsters, Michael, Gillian and Douglas, are the children of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. de Wilton. They live in Dehra Dun.



Joan and Diana are the daughters of Capt. and Mrs. R. B. Adams, formerly of Rangoon, Burma. Mrs. Adams and the little girls are now residing in Darjeeling, N. India.



Michael John, the one-year-old son of Capt. Arthur L. Pereira, Indian Engineers, and Mrs. Pereira.



Shahjahan and his big brother, Ranjit, the sons of Mr. Lall, I.P., Supt. of Police, Jullunder, and Mrs. Lall. Shahjahan helped to collect a large sum of money during the Red Cross week in Jullunder.



Christopher and Patrick, aged five years and one year, are the children of Lt.-Col. F. J. F. Whittington, Punjab Regiment, and Mrs. Whittington.

## Choosing A Present For The New Baby

By V.E.D.

THERE always seems to be more babies born in the Spring than at any other time of the year, and the question of the moment, now that Spring is here, is WHAT TO GIVE THEM!

Something that is really useful is the obvious answer, and not, as so many girls used to be before the war, something absolutely useless. On one occasion an extremely unsuitable gift was passed on from one acquaintance to another until it completed its full cycle, and it eventually came back to its starting place; unbelievable, but true! So let us think out something both useful and attractive and not run the risk of launching a boomerang.

Before the war it was so easy to get things from England and now it is so difficult, but in a way, makes it easier to choose a present; one doesn't have the feeling that the mother has already got everything she can possibly need. Ask her what she is finding it difficult to get, and either make it or get it for her, if you can. If you cannot do this, then perhaps you may find some of these suggestions helpful. The giving of that almost universal and fairly useful present, the B.I.B. can be overdone, because one gets so many and they are not always necessary; but if you definitely wish to give some, then do see that there are ribbons at the back, instead of the tiny and infuriating 'button and loop' they put on them; one of the main things about babies' clothes is that they should be easy and quick to manipulate, and yet we have to struggle with minute buttons at the back of the neck, which with some of the more fortunate babies who have hair, get caught up with it to the intense annoyance of the baby and the added fumbling of Mamma!

Money as a present is increasingly popular; a Savings Certificate is the direct road to a mother's heart, and even more so to a father's in these hard times. To give baby his own bankies is an excellent present; six, or even three; soft lawn ones can either be bought or made, with the name in the corner.

A good home-made present is a set of organic hags. They are made for keeping nappies in, one can see at a glance how many nappies are inside through the organic, and it keeps them dust-free, or they can be used for keeping other garments separate. Sprigged or delicately coloured organic can still be obtained at a fairly reasonable price. The prettiest shape is that of an envelope and it needs no fastening.

If you can buy or make soft washable toys, you are indeed lucky, as these are



Anthony Richard Lester, the 7½-months-old son of Major and Mrs. "Gee" Dutton, taken in Rawalpindi recently.

most acceptable. But DO NOT give babies those horrible celluloid toys, dolls in particular, which break; they are usually very ugly and are dangerous. Not only are they dangerous, but they are particularly unsuitable for a small baby and cannot be kept as they crack so easily.

The attractive box in which all details about baby are kept, is nice to receive, and they are still obtainable. But it is wise to see that the inside is as useful as the cover is attractive; sometimes they are not.

(Conclusion next month.)

## What's In A Name?

By "Mary Russell."

MOST people agree that no boy should have a quaint or romantic name—John, David or Michael is still good enough, with father's name for second place. Just be careful that his initials do not spell some silly word, and the trick is done.

But for girls the choice is so large that selection is difficult. Some people are lucky to have a family name that chooses themselves, but many a charming name is ruled out by the picture of the poisonous Rosemary or Monica whose weak adjoined one's own. The custom of calling children 'after' relatives is dying out; who wants to be reminded of Cousin Vera or Aunt Maud? And what is the use, in these inopportune days?

Nothing fixes a girl's age more than a 'fashionable' name, so Susan, Anne and Jane do reflect. You now vie with your contemporaries in fantastic choice, but will Vivienne, Desiree, Avril and Unika thank you for labelling them so clearly tagged?

What then? Flower names have lost their appeal. Lily, Violet, Iris and Daisy, bloom no more, but Primrose, Hyacinth, Jasmine and Marigold might well be picked again; curiously enough, shrubs are popular, and Myrtle, Heather, Veronica or Lavender come to many a birthday party today.

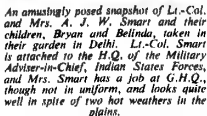
Qualities are dangerous. Patience, Prudence and Joy are excellent attributes, but the girl at 18 will probably like the first two and overdo the last. Descriptive names become tragically funny when Grace grows up a clumsy gnomish, Blanche crimson-checked and Ruby pallid while Amanda gets her to a nunnery.

Will there be a classical revival? Phoebe, Calliope, Cassandra or Hermione? Perhaps these are too ponderous for modern taste, suggesting stateroomque women, or battleships.

Or back to Georgian style? Caroline, Charlotte, Arabella or Lydia must surely have admirers, and while Victorian names conjure up great-aunts immediately, there is a delicate charm about Emily, Agnes and Lucy that suggests lavender-water and mauve ribbons.

Apart from Elizabeth, Mary and Margaret, which are eternal, there are many evergreen names that do not 'date'. Who would place Clare Helen as a great-grandmother? Although the discerning might put Phyllis, Dorothy and Hester down as 1900- or thereabouts, Catherine Hope, Jean Priscilla and Barbara Joyce are hard to place exactly.

But take courage! When the weighty problem of a name 'That we both like' has been settled, when it has been formally bestowed by the proxy-grandmother, it will not be long. Long before the child can walk she will be re-christened, and by the time she answers to a name in all, it will be to Bunty, Billy, Budge or Jay, which is the one that will stick.



An amusingly posed snapshot of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. A. L. W. Smart and their children, Bryan and Belinda, taken in their garden in Delhi. Lt.-Col. Smart is attached to the H.Q. of the Military Adviser-in-Chief, Indian States Forces, and Mrs. Smart has a job at G.H.Q., though not in uniform, and looks quite well in spite of two hot summers in the plains.

## From Handbag To Hat

By "Greta."

BUYING a new hat in India has always been more of a problem than the joy it ought to be, even in pre-war days, but now, of course, it is literally a case of 'take what you can get,' and if you are stationed up country, as so many people are, you just have to go without. 'Till now, one doesn't wait a hat very often these days, but there is always the odd occasion when one is absolutely necessary.

I was at my friend Judy's bungalow when she received an invitation to the Jacobabad Horse Show—lucky creature! Not having been home for over five years it was with a very despondent air that she looked over all her hats. In any case, being mostly of either straw or linen they were totally unsuitable for the climate of Jacobabad in February when furs and tweeds are so essential, and she had nothing at all that would go with her new Persian Lamb coat. After searching through several boxes, we came across a black crochet handbag—just a strip of double crochet that had been stitched up at each end, lined, and with a zip fastener at the top made into a handbag. Actually the zip had been removed long ago and used for something else. Suddenly Judy sprang up, and with the bag perched jauntily on her head, leaned over to a mirror. Pulled well down on to the right side of her forehead with the front peak dent in and a couple of black quills at one side, this erstwhile handbag turned into the most fascinating little hat.

We still continued our rummaging and presently discovered some odd pieces of chiffon velvet, the remains of an old evening coat. These after a little planning, we transformed into another hat. A fairly wide double strip of velvet was used to go round the head and this was finished off with a large butterfly bow in front. Narrow pieces twisted and interlaced about an inch apart made an airy but very attractive crown. When completed we found it could be worn equally effectively either at the back of the head, halo fashion, or low on the forehead and well to one side.

When Judy returned from her round of gaities she told me that quite one of the smartest hats to be seen there was a black felt which, as reminiscent of a bank of mustard-coloured wool round its shallow crown with two cunning twists in front, one a little higher than the other.



Mrs. V. W. Tregear, wife of Major V. W. Tregear, the Frontier Force Regiment, with her two little daughters, Sara, Mary and Belinda. Mrs. Tregear is at present living in Karachi.



Mrs. John Soyle seems pleased with the novel method employed by her husband, Capt. Soyle, Staff Captain, Cavalry, to take her to the fishing expedition. Lt. Frank Bennett lends a cheerful hand at the rear.



Miss Margaret Elizabeth (Peggy) Waite, W.R.N.S., daughter of the late Major J. Johnstone Waite, 9th Jut Regt., and Mrs. Waite, "Rhondalla," Sunningdale Park, Belfast, N. Ireland, whose engagement has been announced to Lt. Francis Harrold Cummings, U.S. Army Air Corps. He is from Texas.

## Kitchen Keeness

By Margery Brand

SOME time ago salad dressings were given under this heading and now a few good salads. Please adhere to details to get good results.

**Lettuce salad.** The leaves should always be cleaned in ice cold water and shaken in a wire basket to thoroughly dry without damaging the leaves. On no account use a knife, but break with the fingers if the leaves are too large. Serve in a cold glass dish and add the dressing at the last minute, using oil and vinegar. I suggest you mix half a salt spoonful of salt, freshly ground pepper from a pepper mill, a pinch of sugar, and a tablespoonful of aged vinegar. First mix a despoisonful of oil (the best kind is bought at the chemist's) with your lettuce, then add this vinegar mixture, toss all together very lightly. All should be icy cold. An unusual flavour is given to an ordinary lettuce salad by sprinkling the leaves with well minced fresh mint and parsley, also very little finely chopped spring onion.

**Apple and Celery Salad.** Chop finely some sour apples also some celery. Mix together and quickly cover with a cream dressing before the apple blackens. For the dressing you just mix together some cream, lemon juice, coarse pepper and half a teaspoonful of made mustard. Serve very cold.

**Potato Salad of distinction.** Boil some potatoes and cut into slices while hot. Cover with oil and vinegar, put into the refrigerator until very cold, just before serving add some hot pieces of crisp bacon, well sprinkled all over the potatoes and pepper and salt.

**A good Tomato Salad.** This, strangely enough, needs careful handling. Remove skins by pouring boiling water over them. Then cut in thick slices, cover with chopped parsley and chopped onion and just before serving sprinkle some oil and vinegar, salt and pepper; a garnish of bunches of watercress add to its appearance and taste.



Latest addition to women's war services in India is the Naval Wing of the W.A.C.I. (I), formed to recruit women, both Indian and British, for duties for the Royal Indian Navy. Its members wear a smart naval uniform, resembling that worn by the W.R.N.S., and perform secretarial and cypher duties at Naval Headquarters and at Indian ports. Enjoying a short spell of rest from their work at Naval Headquarters are Chief P. L. to Chief Petty Officer Moira Imam, Third Officer Daphne Jones, Chief Petty Officer Joan Campbell, and Chief Petty Officer Betty Khan, all of the W.A.C.I. (I) N.L.N. Wing.

## The Art of Wearing Jewellery

By "Zita"

THE Parisienne wears her jewels with an inimitable chic, the peccosa wears hers with perfect poise; royalty displays crown jewels with regal dignity, while the Indian princess wears her costly gems as if they were her heritage.

But what about the rest of us? How many women realise that there is an art in wearing jewellery? Wearing jewels successfully, is, if anything, more difficult than wearing one's clothes with chic. For one thing, clothes are so easy to buy, and if you find they don't suit you, you can give them away. But you can't buy a diamond necklace one day, and discard it the next. No, not even if you are a millionaire's wife or a Woolworth heiress.

So many women take their jewels as a matter of course. It is taken for granted that the best diamonds must shine at the biggest parties, and there the matter ends; whether these diamonds will enhance or detract from the outfit to be worn, is often not considered at all.

Fashions in jewellery keep changing—though, fortunately for us, not with the same frequency as fashions in dress for not many of us would be able to visit the jewellers as often as we set out to buy ourselves new saris, borders and shoes. Many women don't seem to realise, however, that fashions in wearing jewellery also keep changing. Today no really chic woman will wear a whole set of jewels, however modern and attractive each piece may be in itself. Jewels, more than anything else, need background to show them up, and if you want to wear them with distinction, pick out one outstanding ornament as a motif, and then build around it. Plan your ensemble to go with it. One, or two really magnificent ornaments will make a woman look as expensive as she could wish, while—perverse though it may sound—two many glistening jewels will only make her look cheap. Avoid that "just-see-how-many-jewels-I-possess" look. Jewels need, not only background but breeding behind them.

Now, don't go to the other extreme, and avoid jewellery altogether. A woman has to be particularly lovely, or particularly chic, to do without jewels for evening wear. She must make quite sure first, that her appearance is as sparkling



Sari of pale golden gauze over a slip of gold lamé, and a slim-fitting gold lamé bodice, form a perfect background for this unique Indian necklace of uncut emeralds and rubies set in gold.

that it cannot be improved upon by the sparkle of gems, for, as a rule, jewels lend glitter to dull women, and greater brilliance to the bright.

Below I give a few gems of advice on how to wear gems.

If you are wearing an exquisite sari of red and silver gauze, with silver choker and sandals, don't proceed to dot mechanically all the diamond and ruby jewels that you possess; instead choose one outstanding piece from among them, or better still, a couple of striking emerald ornaments; this will provide a colour contrast, and suggest individuality.

If you are wearing a sari of delicate green and silver Jari with bodice to match, don't take it for granted that all your emeralds must go with it; why not pick on some unusual ornament of amethysts or rubies? Here again you will bring in another touch of colour, plus a new note of interest.

If you are wearing airy fly-away Howard chiffon or georgette, avoid jewellery as much as possible. Dress a jeweller ever display his gleaming pearls or his glistening diamonds in a case lined with flowered taffeta? No! Though lovely in themselves, flowers and gems just don't go together.

The glint of diamonds lends glamour to black and silver, and the sheen of pearls combined with white and silver, breathes romance.

Long, fanciful earrings and longish necklaces give a suggestion of length to wide faces and short necks, while ear clips and studs, and short modern necklaces give an illusion of width to thin faces. They are also becoming to girls with small faces and long necks. In all such matters, however, let your mirror be your final judge.

Today there is a craze for antique Indian jewellery, and quaint, unusual ornaments copied from Ajanta frescoes and old Mogul paintings. These lovely jewels go beautifully with the sari, and suit the Oriental type to perfection, so take advantage of the vogue while it lasts, and see that you make it last as long as you can.

## Sira Says

### You CAN Be Young Twice!

D'you feel, in this fifth year of war, that Youth Has Had Its Fling? Well, who cares if it has? Don't rusticate! Take a deep breath and take on with it a new personality; not so *june fille* as you were before, but with a chic, a Vogue-like poise, surpassing that of anyone you know. So

### Go To It

Practise optical illusion. Conceal inches of width by vertical stripes, well-fitting foundations, and by having your new clothes made to measure, instead of flinging last year's model at the derzi and trying to cram yourself into the result.

Cast off that Veronica Lake ingenu hair-do, and have a consultation with your hair-dresser. Sweep your rippling waves up if they cascaded before, uncover that high intellectual brow, or give yourself a chic little neck bun if there is more than one chin to balance.

Don't shop in a hurry. Postpone it until you have a whole free morning.

Give yourself time to take a little extra care in making up your face. And can't you alter your dressing-table so that the best light falls on your face from a different angle?

Go through your wardrobe with a tooth-comb. Pretend that the clothes belong to somebody you don't know, and deduce from them what sort of woman she is.

Go out and buy the latest novel.

Have a manicure, a facial, a pedicure or any other available beautifier that isn't habitual. Give it to yourself if no-one else will.

Even plucking your eye-brows make a difference.

And, most important of all, resolve never *never* NEVER again to slop around looking like an unmade bed.

## Making The Most Of Our Rations

By "Mortcha."

**RATIONS!** An undiluted blessing to the Army wife, and a red-rag to her civilian sister!

In this series of recipes for making the most of pre-war footstuffs at pre-war prices are dishes for breakfast, luncheon, and dinner, and every one of them guaranteed to make the unrationed even greener with envy than before!

### 1) SALMON AND BACON PIE

Flake a tin of salmon, and mix it with a rich white sauce made from margarine, flour and milk. Place in a greased pie-dish and cover with rashers

of bacon. Bake in a moderate oven until the bacon is crisp and the pie heated through.

### 2) HERRING PIE

Drain the contents of a tin of fresh herrings (NOT the kind in tomato sauce) and place in a greased pie-dish with alternate layers of cooked potatoes cut in rings. Finish with a layer of potatoes, sprinkle with breadcrumbs and dab with margarine. Bake until a golden brown. Serve with mustard sauce, which is made on the same principle as white sauce, but substitute the liquor from the herrings (or water) for half the milk. Allow a teaspoon of dry mustard to every pint of liquid, adding at the same time as the flour. A green salad is good with this dish.

### 3) SALMON TARTLETS.

A useful way of using up remains of salmon pie or moult.

Fill cases of hot short pastry with flaked salmon mixed with white sauce, flavoured with a few drops of lemon juice or anchovy essence. Cover with a thin layer of mashed potatoes, brush with melted margarine, and brown.

## Mutton Dressed As Lamb!

By "Housewife."

**O**R, new ways of dressing up old things! These recipes should give a flip to the most jaded appetites!

### Chilli Con Carne

Required: 1 lb. beefsteak; 6 large ripe tomatoes; 3 large chopped onions; (some people also like a bit of garlic); 1 dessertspoon salt; 1 teaspoon powdered chili; 3 cups boiled white bean; a table-spoon butter.

Method: stew the beef gently with the tomatoes, seasonings and two of the onions (the beef should be cut into pieces about an inch square before cooking, and

(Continued on page 48)



Prati Freeman.

Mrs. Lall, who is considered to be one of the most beautiful Indian ladies in London, is the wife of Mr. Shamashure Lall, Deputy High Commissioner for India. Mrs. Lall has occupied his present house in London for five years and right through the war under three High Commissioners. He has officiated twice as High Commissioner, Mr. and Mrs. Lall, with their two sons, who were born in England, have now returned to India.

## The Beauty Of Indian Fabrics

By Hilla C. Vakeel.

**I** WAS at a party lately where the guest of honour was a well-known

English novelist then visiting in Bombay. The conversation turned on Indian art and crafts, the splendour that was India a few hundred years ago and the artistry of her people. The hostess, who is the lucky possessor of some beautiful specimens, brought them out, and it was delightful to watch the reverent adoration with which the guest of the evening handled each specimen in all its loveliness of colour and line and form. The collection included some beautiful lengths of old Indian silks, *tachinzi*, *kinkhab*, *pardah*, *Cutch* and *Kashmiri* embroideries, heavy *gharis* from Thana and Surat, *gossamer* Benares tissue, *jari* embroideries from the old capital of this province, applique work from Peshawar, and a length of the world-famed *mulin* of Dacca. Each of these was generations old, smelt of age and old camphor chests and brought to life a civilisation which has filled the world with beauty for thousands of years.

With one or two exceptions, most of the women at the party were dressed in modern fabrics—linons and French prints and georgettes and our clothes seemed suddenly to look cheap and ugly and undistinguished by comparison.

It is difficult to understand why we who are heirs to all this beauty do not appreciate it and deliberately fling away our heritage in exchange for something less beautiful, just because it happens to be modern or European or worn by everybody else. By doing so we are not only interfering with the development of our own industries but helping to decrease the sum total of beauty in the world, beauty which is, after all, the heritage of all mankind whether it comes from the East or the West. The result of this indifference, of the total lack of individual responsibility has been the deterioration of most of our arts and crafts of which this country (by reason of the large number of pieces and culture that it holds) has had probably a larger variety than any other country in the world.

### Kinkhab Borders

*Kinkhab*, to take only one example which still constitutes an important handloom industry in Surat, Benares and Hyderabad, are not half as beautiful as those made about a century ago by the reason, among others, being that the demand has lessened and interest in its survival does not exist to any appreciable extent. Princess Niloufer, the younger of the two charming and beautiful Princesses of Hyderabad, has given the right lead in this direction and is invariably seen wearing wide and beautiful *kinkhab* borders on her saris. This material is eminently suitable for borders, for *palloo* or borderless saris, for cholis, shoes and evening bags and it is a pity it is not more generally used.

(Continued on page 48)



This charming picture is of Mrs. Beckett, wife of the Hon'ble Mr. Justice R. B. Beckett, High Court Judge, Lahore. Mrs. Beckett, who was running the W.A.A.F. Comfort Fund (India) and was an Honorary life member of the "Cerr" Club at Lahore, is on her way to England.





After the christening, at Holy Trinity Church, of James Havilland, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. LeMesurier. From l. to r. are:—(FRONT ROW) Commander Howard Smith, U. S. Navy, proxy godfather, the Hon. Mrs. C. B. Birdwood, Miss Winifred Miller, godmother, Mrs. LeMesurier with James, Mrs. Wilson, and Mr. A. P. LeMesurier. The children are Sonia and Mark Birdwood. (BACK ROW) Mr. D. N. O'Sullivan, proxy godfather, Mr. Bushby, Miss Beryl Bushby, Sardar Bahadur H. S. Kahai, Miss Susan Bushby, Canon L. Manfold Gorrie and Mr. James Wilson.



Here is Jocelyn Seweryn de Warrenne, son of Capt. and Mrs. H. J. de W. Waller, photographed after his christening. In the group are:—Mrs. Banasinska, grandmother, Mrs. Seddon, Dr. Banasinski, grandfather, Father Heras, Mrs. Goose, wife of the Consul-General for Belgium, proxy godmother, Capt. Waller, Mrs. Waller with Jocelyn, Mr. Seddon, Mrs. Godoyko-Cwikla, great-grandmother, His Grace the Archbishop of Bombay, Mr. Kitlay, proxy godfather, Madame Alsac and Monsieur Alsac.



Bourne & Shepherd

The christening took place recently at St. Paul's Cathedral, Calcutta, of Veronica Anne, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Barry Page. Mr. Page is Managing Director of the National Insulated Cable Company and Associated Companies.



At St. Augustine Church, Kohai, after the christening of Judith Ann, daughter of Capt. A. C. R. Higgins, R.E. and Mrs. Higgins. From l. to r. are:—Capt. "Pop" Baldwin, proxy godfather, Capt. Heath, Capt. Gardner, Capt. (Miss) Saunders, Mrs. Baldwin, proxy godmother, Mrs. Higgins with Judy, Capt. Higgins, Mrs. Heath, Lt. Kyles, Mrs. Rowden and Major Williams.



Hamilton Station.

Prince Jyotendra Singh and Princess Prakash Kumari, the children of Yuvraj Sahab Vikramsinhji of Gondal State, and the great grandchildren of H. H. the late Thakore Sahab of Gondal (Kathiawar), who celebrated the 75th year of his rule only last month.

RIGHT:—After the christening at St. Joseph's Church, Rawalpindi, of Penelope Ann, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. DuCasse. From l. to r. are:—Capt. J. Reid, Mr. H. O. Hay, Siste Jennings, Major Barnett, R.A.M.C., Sister Wu, Mrs. Whittell, Mrs. Mortimer, Rev. Fr. Mayer, Mr. J. Heywood, Mrs. Pinfold, Mrs. DuCasse with Penelope Ann, Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Morley, Mrs. Hay, Mrs. Drake, Mr. DuCasse, Mrs. Fortescue, Lt. Fortescue and Col. Bradley.



## FUGITIVE BABIES

Have you read that delightful poem by Hawthorne Campbell on page 139 of "The Onlooker" Book of Verse.

For full details see Page 50.



After her christening at Lucknow, Margaret Isabel Havelock Vanreenen is here seen with her parents, Major and Mrs. R. M. Vanreenen, and grandparents, Brigadier and Mrs. T. W. Vanreenen.



Valene Patricia, with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Vudenhill of Madras. Valene was christened at the Fort Church recently. Mrs. Robinson, the baby's grandmother and Mr. H. H. Howard standing proxy for the godparents who are all in Australia.



General Sir Oliver Leese, Bart., K.C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., the new Army Commander of the 8th Army, who succeeds General Montgomery, photographed at Mission Blanche Aerodrome, Algeria, on his way to take over his new command.

## The Voice of Delhi

By "Mrs. Haukabee."

MARCH has ever been a gay month, the month of months for entertainments in Delhi, and this year has been no exception, but the gaieties have taken the form of dances and concerts for the forces, for various junketings for the Delhi Red Cross Week. Missions, too, have made fleeting visits and seem surprised at the weather, for March has been both lion and lamb, the queerest gradations of temperature, as capricious as an English spring, but, on the whole, delicious.

There have been many pleasant functions, among them that of the opening of the new office of the H. Q. of the Women's Voluntary Service for India. It is a little white stronghold (a former A.R.P. station, now happily not wanted for this purpose) in Connaught Circus. Here



Amongst recent arrivals in this country is Miss Pearl Aschman, the well-known South African journalist, author, and broadcaster of Cape Town. Miss Aschman is already known to India by reason of her lightning visit by air from the Middle East last summer and her impressions of her journey have been the subject of numerous broadcasts from South African studios. Miss Aschman has made a good contribution to the war effort already in Cairo and the Middle East in providing entertainment in the desert for Allied troops.



Lady Auchinleck, accompanied by Col. Johnson Cole, emerges from the water after an amphibian jeep ride, arranged by the War Services Exhibition at Patalia. Also in the jeep is Nawabzada of Rampur, H.E.'s A.D.C.

many women workers were gathered together to hear Her Excellency, Viscountess Wavell, praise the work of the W.V.S. and to listen to inspiring words from the Begum Shah Nawaz whose gentle ways and womanly charm enhance her splendid capabilities. She referred to the fine work that she had seen done in England, Canada and the United States by women, and expressed pleasure that the women in India were coming forward and putting their shoulder to the wheel. "Well, Ask-with (Wendy to her many friends) was there, attractive and handsome as always, in all black with the most becoming little hat, and Mrs. Miles, like a Vogue picture in dazzling white and navy, tailored and spick and span—she is ever an inspiration to her sisters who may be inclined to wilt and shirk.

There has been a very lively exhibition of medieval Hindu architecture and sculpture at the Imperial Hotel, opened in a happy speech by Sir Edward Benthall in the presence of a large number of the brightest spirits in the Imperial City. Mr. Raymond Burnier was the artist and his medium is photography, if that word may be used in referring to his glorious prints which make one not only see but also feel the subject and determine one to visit the originals no matter how difficult the journey!

Mr. Jamini Roy's exhibition again brought out the "intelligencia," and the artists, professional and amateur, of whom there are many here at present. By the way, look out for the Services Art Exhibition at which much interesting and serious work will be seen. The Jamini Roy pictures sold quicker than the proverbial hot-cakes and the most popular seemed to be the bright, child-like figures reminiscent of Bengal village art, which were snapped up at once and there was almost a tussle for one of them!

Dances have been numberless and a jolly one was that at the opening of the Curzon Road Barracks when the American officers invited their friends to dance with them to an excellent band with a wonderful pianist. Then there were the Red Cross Balls at the Gymkhana Club and at Maiden's Hotel, the Hunt Ball, the jolly affair of the Etonians (such attractive esnomes were those!) at the Piccadilly in aid of Greece. Then there was the last Strangers' Dance of the season and everyone was sad to think that there would not be another until October. We have all made such delightful friendships there with officers from all over the Empire and above all, with the handsome cheerful Americans.

And talking of Americans, how we all enjoyed the Tennis Exhibition matches at the Irwin Stadium which were attended by Their Excellencies, the Viceroy and Viscountess Wavell. Mr. Gih Sandifer was a revelation in showmanship (good old Texas!) and some of us were taking lessons in how to run an entertainment with never a dull moment, a non-stop variety in fact. There were some marvellous tennis, such a treat to see this again after all those years. There was the deftness of Mr. W. C. Choy, excellent representative of his gallant country, the

left-handed, magnificent volleying of Kukuljivitch, the Yugoslav, the agile grace of Mac Elmer (such a practical little amateur cap he wore) and indeed each of the players was a specialist and a delight to watch. Sandifer's auctioneering was most amusing and gathered us all into the fold of a kindly brotherhood making us feel happy and carefree; I let's hope we meet him often in the near future.

### A Prize Kiss

Then there was the prize kiss given with unaffected charm by such a pretty Red Cross worker, Miss Mary Burke—this was one of the high-spots of the afternoon. The whole entertainment was in aid of the Chinese Medical Relief Fund and Mr. Shen, Chinese Commissioner, made a moving speech, and his most attractive young wife who is so universally liked, was there, pencil slim in the fascinating modern Chinese robe.

Concerns have all come in a clump but even so, the more we have the more we want. There was one in aid of the Czechoslovak children arranged by the popular Paul Strauss who led and conducted an augmented orchestra. Iris Kelly in such a pretty, simple white picture frock sang still better than she has ever done before, as did also Bernice MacFarquhar in her rich wine-violet voice. Then that wonder-child, now "virtuoso," Lisl Stary, generously gave two concerts for the troops at Viceroy's House at the invitation of Her Excellency. So many applications were there for seats, which were reserved for troops only, that two concerts had to be given instead of one which had been the original intention. We want more and more such concerts for the troops who are our brothers and our cousins and our uncles and who starve for good music. Would it not be possible to have an allied "virtuoso" concert party to go on tour and bring the best possible music to all our allied forces? Lisl Stary also gave two public concerts, both so overflowing with and there is no doubt that this tiny article goes from strength to strength.

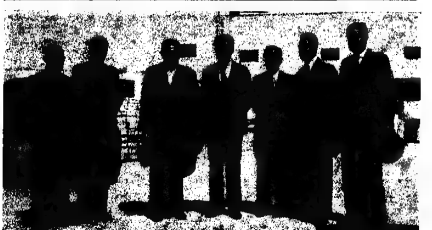


Air Chief Commandant Dame Katherine Trefusis Forbes, Director of the W.A.A.F., who is now in India to explore the possibilities of employing women more extensively with the R.A.F. in India. At present a number of Women's Army Corps (India) are serving at R.A.F. Headquarters and base units.

The Delhi Music Club concert was devoted to Brahms and discovered a real star in Wren Judith Bromley-Martin whose soaring soprano delighted everyone and whose musical future (interrupted by the war) is certain.

There have been at least two Missions, both of them charming. Chinese and Persian, but we saw more of the latter who were present at a very pleasant tea party given by the Iranian Consul-General and Mrs. Mosamedy, a radiant hostess, who had a warm greeting for everyone. The guests all looked specially smart and animated on that occasion and there were many cheerful notes too numerous to chronicle, but the high-lights were the violet cap and gloves of pretty, young Mrs. Davies so recently arrived from the States, the pert little white hat of Mrs. Wigham (always so witty) and the perfect duck of a black hat crowned by the feathers of some exotic and unknown bird in colour de rose worn by clever and attractive Mrs. Burns.

Already housewives are picking for the hills and talking much of the difficulties (and they are real) of finding accommodation. It seems that every hill station is full to overflowing and now Delhi, in spite of the miles of buildings which spring up with a mushroom-like growth, never seems to be able to keep pace with its swelling population.



The Persian Cultural Mission arrived in India recently. The Mission consists of H. E. Ali Asghar Hikmat (THIRD FROM LEFT), leader Professor Ebrahim Pourde Dost (THIRD FROM RIGHT) and Professor Rashid Yarvian (FIFTH FROM RIGHT). In the centre is Mr. Matemadi, Consul-General for Persia.

# Madras Musings

By "Miss Mouse."

**H**AZEL Sell's wedding to Leslie Hooper at St. George's Cathedral was one of the events of the season—the church was beautifully decorated, white lilies on the altar and huge banks of mixed flowers lined the chancel. Hazel's dress was of purest white crepe with a short train cut in one with the skirt—her veil of white tulle was held in place by a bow of satin and she carried a bouquet of lilies. Her bridesmaids, little Jill Kennedy and tall Carol Carter, wore frocks of deep pink moire with posies of carnations to match and two pink flowers to hold their short veils. The best man was an old friend of the bridegroom, Duncan Macpherson. Mrs. Pitts, Hazel's twin sister, who married last year, was in light tan with a tiny beige hat. Mrs. Sell chose navy blue appliqued with white flowers. Among the congregation were Mrs. P. M. Dyson with her two small daughters, Daphne Mockett, Mr. and Mrs. Hingston and Mrs. Maynard.

The Rotary Club organised a dinner dance and cabaret at the *Continental* in aid of the Red Cross. His Excellency, the Governor, and Lady Hope were present in a large party. The cabaret was produced by Ray Canada from Bangalore and was much appreciated. Colonel Gill auctioned some bottles of



During the visit to Madras of Their Excellencies, the Viceroy and Lady Wavell, a reception was held in their honour by His Excellency, the Governor of Madras and the Hon. Lady Hope, at Government House, Madras, when these photos were taken. Below H. E. the Governor is presenting the officers to H.E. the Viceroy and above Viscountess Wavell is shaking hands with the Yuvanari of Pithapuram.

Scotch very successfully, also a silver model of an aeroplane. Mrs. Power, who has just come from Watari, was with Captain and Mrs. Monk-Mason; and Mrs. Rita Mall was in a party with Mrs. Cattell and a host of others.

The third race meeting in aid of the Governor's War Fund was well attended; but the going was heavy and the favourites shy in coming forward. Mrs. Allerton was there with Mrs. Dugan and among the lady owners were Mrs. Nugent Grant, Mrs. C. N. Reid and Mrs. Kelson, whose horse, Master McKinley, did its owner full justice.

## Lover's Leap

Five members of the Madras Dramatic Society gave a very creditable performance of "Lover's Leap" in aid of the Greek Relief Fund. The play, which ran for a long time in London, was written by Philip Johnson. Jill Coddum, as Helen Storer, a highly-strung woman in her middle thirties whose husband has left her to devote his time to Egyptology, brought the play to a magnificent climax by her behaviour during a thunderstorm; Lionel Knopp as the husband played his part admirably, and the audience waited for the moment when he reappeared on the stage. Phyllis Mary Dyson was the perfect hard-boiled, fishy girl of twenty-five; Helen's younger sister, Sarah, who allows fate to decide her way of living. Eversand Allardice—Gedre Norry's—the question mark of Sarah's life, played the part of a nervous young man in a difficult position. Poynter—Richard Triggs in real life—the butler, in an almost silent role, showed that he knew a thing or two about the stage. The set was most effective and the producer, Dr. R. J. Dyson, is to be



## Bangalore Lore

By "Jane."

**T**HE Red Cross drive continues, and contributions keep coming in from different sources. "Ye Old Viceroy Shoppe" (run under the Chairmanship of Mrs. Cowdrey with many willing helpers) has donated a further Rs. 3,000 from their entire proceeds for January, the Flag Day organised by Lady Berenford Pease raised a large collection, and Mrs. Gourlie's "American Lucky Grab," by her efficient sale of tickets for one dozen bottles of "Scotch" brought in over Rs. 7,000! Mrs. Gourlie was assisted in her splendid effort by members of the American Club.

congratulated on such excellent results of hard work.

Their Excellencies, the Viceroy and Lady Wavell, spent a very busy week in the Presidency. Viscount Wavell included Madras and Coimbatore in his itinerary, while Lady Wavell devoted most of her time to Madras itself and inspected cautions and hospitals and everywhere showed an encouraging interest and enthusiasm for all that is being done. One of the many places to meet with her approval was the newly-opened V. V. S. Centre, run by Mrs. Lane, Mrs. Pollard and Mrs. Watson who only recently returned to Madras after a long absence. In honour of the distinguished visitors, Sir Arthur and Lady Hope gave a reception in Government House, Madras—at which nearly 1,000 guests were presented to Their Excellencies, including the Chief Justice and Lady Leach, Judges of the High Court, Advisors to the Governor and prominent officials and non-officials. Lady Wavell was in mauve and white with a large black hat which suited her dignified charms. Lady Hope wore beige lace with brown accessories.

Anthony Paul was down on leave to see how his young daughter Sarah is getting on and gave a very pleasant party to celebrate Jean's first birthday.

Another Red Cross event was the Carnival and Fete at the Lal Hag gardens, organised by members of the Mysore State Women's Auxiliary Committee. Mrs. N. Madhava Rao, wife of the Dewan of Mysore, is President of this Committee, and the Fete was opened by the Dewan himself, who in his speech praised the excellent work of the ladies concerned, and Mrs. Vigors (Secretary of the Women's Auxiliary) thanked him on their behalf. Among the many who assisted at the Fete were the Yuvanari of Kagal, Miss Malik Shah, Mrs. David, Miss Isaac, Miss Dromey, Miss Srinivasan, Miss Anantaram, Mrs. Kapur and Dr. Albuquerque.

Mrs. Thumboo Chetty, wife of the Private Secretary to H.H. the Maharaja of Mysore, has been interesting herself in a scheme for providing amenities in the form of a club-house and rest centre for members of the Indian Air Force at present some miles out of Bangalore. A Committee has been formed, with the Dewan of Mysore as the President. Mrs. Thumboo Chetty as Vice-President, and other members include Mr. and Mrs. Devraj Shivram, Mr. Iman, Mrs. Raju, Mrs. Anderson, Group Captain Howard, and Flying Officer Nedungudi.

## At Home

Mr. and Mrs. Thumboo Chetty gave a delightful At Home at their lovely residence "Balabrooke," to over 100 guests. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Thumboo Chetty (their daughter and son-in-law), and Dr. (Miss) Albuquerque helped them receive their guests. After tea there was tennis, putting, and deck quotes outside. Several Air Force officers were present including Air Commodore Mackworth, Group Captain Howard, Squadron Leaders Rule, Chatterji and Doyle. The Dewan of Mysore and Mrs. Madhava Rao, Mrs. Christion (wife of General Christion), Mr. and Mrs. Devraj Shivram, Mr. and Begum Shah and their attractive daughter, Malik, Mrs. Bewes, Sir Abdon Banerji, Mr. and Mrs. Srinivasan, Dr. and Mrs. Monteiro, Mr. and Mrs. Mirza, Col. Aspinall, Mrs. Cowdrey, H.E. the Apostolic Delegate, Mrs. and Miss Fay Anderson, Mrs. Barnilla Raju, graceful in a flowered sari with vivid touches of green, Mrs. Kothawala and her daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Vikram Sarabhai, Mrs. Clarke, Mr. Anantaram, the Chief Justice, and many others were present.

Fay Anderson has recently announced her engagement to George Bayley of the Canadian Air Force, and hopes to be married in a few months. Joan Tayleur (now Mrs. Ian Christie) has left Bangalore for her new home in Abbotsford, and her other sister Pam left two weeks later for a place somewhere near Assam, where she is going to drive a mobile car. The Tayleur family is a small party for Pam the night before she

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His Excellency, Sir Arthur Hope, decorating Mr. O. L. Burrell at a Police Parade held in Madras. Sir Lionel Gasson, Inspector General of Police, is standing next to the Governor.



During a recent visit to Madras, the Viceroy inspected a parade of the city's civil defence forces. His Excellency is accompanied by Mr. A. D. Scollick, A.R.P. Controller. Sir Arthur Hope, Governor of Madras, is standing on the left.



Officers of the Lancashire Fusiliers at an At Home "somewhere in India." From l. to r. are:—Major J. Hall-Barlow, Capt. Rai Sahib Dulp Man Singh, Mrs. Barlow, Major A. F. Town, Mrs. Town and Major Simpson.

## In Lucknow Now

By M. F. W.

THERE have been several changes in Civil Lines during the past month. Mr. W. H. Christie has been appointed Chief Secretary, and Mr. Christopher Cooke takes over from him as Finance Secretary to the U. P. Government.

Mr. Lewys-Lloyd, the Deputy-Commissioner, leaves us for Saharanpur. He and his charming wife will be very much missed in Lucknow. In addition to his official duties, Mr. Lewys-Lloyd did a great deal in the way of public welfare work. He was, among other things, President of the Lucknow Branch of the Red Cross. Mrs. Lewys-Lloyd, too, has worked very hard here, and it is thanks to her untiring and efficient services to the St. John Ambulance nursing Association that an excellent system of supplying extra nurses to the military hospitals has been built up.

Deputy-Commissioner in Mr. Lewys-Lloyd's place, is Mr. David Walley; but it will be simply a change of houses for him and his family, as they have been in Lucknow for some time.

Police circles have also had changes. Mr. Carless left last month, and his place



Mr. D. G. Watson, I.P., who has recently been appointed I.G.P., Central Provinces and Berar.

as D.I.G. of this Range was taken for a short time by Mr. George Pearce, who was followed by Mr. Luck. The Luck has settled down in the U.S. Club, as houses are so difficult in Lucknow these days. Mr. Luck, however, has already set to work with paint and furnishing materials to make their quarters as thoroughly individual and attractive as their houses always are.

March saw a general exodus of children, back to their various schools in the Hills. The Governor of Bengal's two children came through Lucknow, on their way to the Hallett War School in Naini Tal. As seems only natural, this delightful school is well stocked from Lucknow. Among those who go are Ian Christie (his sister, Priscilla, has just left and "come out"); the two Hutchinson Children; David Brotherton, whose father and mother are both in the Army, Mrs. Brotherton being an officer in the W.A.C.I.; Peggy Moss, whose sister, Anna, was also there till the left and joined the W.A.C.I.; and (new this term) David Jague.

### For W.V.S. Canteen

Entertainments in aid of War Purposes, or Charities, have been, as usual well to the fore during the past month. The big dance at the Chatter in aid of the W.V.S. Canteen was a tremendous success. It was certainly a Dance with a Difference, being advertised as Krazy Night—and a nice cheerful, crazy sort of night it turned out to be. Attractions included a miniature canteen, serving Hot Dogs and Waffles and in a manner of exciting things to eat; roulette and the always popular Crown-and-Anchor; a cabaret show; and "taxi girls" for the inevitable crowd of extra men to dance with. The cabaret items were all excellent, of their kind. Mrs. Ede and Colonel Windt's term "A Bicycle Made for Two," was beautifully hilarious, and



Mrs. Audrey North and her three big sons who will be leaving India shortly. They will be missed by their many friends in India and especially by their aunt, Miss Durant Warburton, with whom they have been living for the last three years.

## Bangalore Lore

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left, when Col. and Mrs. Brown showed the colour films they had taken of Joan's wedding.

### Italian Dance Band

The newly-formed Italian dance band has been engaged to play at the A.U.S. Club, and dances have been quite full lately. Pam Taylor was seen at one wearing a cerise chiffon frock with a bow of the same draped over her dark head, and Mrs. Elson was another wearer of this style the same night. Mrs. Crawford and Peggy Bindon (in different parties) had both chosen black satin skirts with blue blouses. Major (now Colonel) Sheridan, back from the Frontier after a year's absence, was in a large party and Mrs. Corbett wearing an unusual dress of pink satin that flared into a brown tulle skirt knee downwards, was seen dancing with Alastair Fraser of the R.A.F. Col. Lodge and Major Kell's

very cleverly done. There was also a chorus of Cantina Girls; and Major Lewys-Gower sang "There'll Always Be an England" in a most pleasing voice, with a chorus of soldiers and W.A.C.I.'s.

The Committee of the U.S. Club, has decided (most admirably) to give the proceeds of the Wednesday fortnightly cocktail dances to war purposes or charities. Among those who are to benefit this month, are the Ex-Services Association, and the Lucknow branch of the S.P.C.A.

Another charity occasion was the Bring-and-Buy sale given in the grounds of Sir Tennant and Lady Sloan's lovely house. This has now become an annual event, and is always popular. Eight hundred rupees was made this year, which, of course, went to that deserving cause, the U.P. Benevolent Society. Lady Hallett was present at the Sale.

### "Carola Cerf"

The Red Cross benefited from the Pianoforte Recital given at the Chatter by "Carola Cerf." This was a really delightful occasion, the more so as there is so little in the way of concert these days. H.E. the Governor and Lady Hallett were present; and also among the audience I noticed Sir Tennant and Lady Sloan, Mrs. and Mrs. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, and Mr. Beecroft and his very lovely wife.

Another ceremony performed by His Excellency, Sir Maurice Hallett, during March, was the laying of the Foundation Stone of the new Maternity and Child Welfare Home being built by the Lewys-Lloyd Maternity and Child Welfare Trust. Judging by the large sum donated to the Trust, Lucknow is not lacking in citizens of serious thought for its future generations. Lady Hallett, who has always taken a very sympathetic and active interest in Child Welfare, was present, as also were many officials and Lucknow's leading citizens.

party included four sisters in lovely saris: Mrs. Anderson came with Brigadier Jones and Col. Chamberlain and the Spains; and Col. and Mrs. Bennett, the latter wearing black with silver spots, Major Williams, Col. and Mrs. Halliday, Mrs. Ahkin (whose dark hair is offset by a streak of gold) seen dancing with Air Commodore Mackworth, Col. Lucas with Col. and Mrs. Cooke and Molly Thomas, and Mrs. Carter in blue crepe.

The R.A.F. band played for the War Fund dance on the last Saturday of the month, and on that crowded night, lovely Cynthia Turner's red net frock with its billowing skirt stood out as one of the prettiest in the room, and she wore red flowers in her dark hair. Fay Anderson looked her best in a swirling skirted beige dress, and Mrs. Sloan in black lace was a tall and graceful figure. Sidney Laddick wore green with red accessories.

The Play Readers' Society opened their season with a reading of "George and Margaret" by Ronald Savory. Pam Taylor made her last appearance at this, and after the play, Owen Clarke whined her God speed on behalf of the Society.



Major Kr. Sumar Singh, who, after a brilliant career at the Indian Police Training College, U.P., joined the famous "Sawal Man Guards" Jaipur, the only household Foot Guard Regiment of its kind in India and which is doing splendid work in several theatres of war.



Dr. and Mrs. V. S. Ram, with their young daughter, Dr. Ram, who was the head of the Department of Political Science, Lucknow University, has been appointed as the Secretary of the newly created Department, Institute of Foreign Affairs, Government of India, New Delhi. Dr. Ram has now gone to take up charge of his new appointment and his little daughter seems to be very pleased about it. Dr. Ram represented India in the last League of Nations Conference.



Lady Colville, wife of the Governor of Bombay, takes a keen interest in all hospitality activities. She is seen here on the left paying a visit to the Hospitality Committee and discussing hospitality affairs with Mrs. L. A. Halabi, Joint Hon. Secretary of the Committee. Mrs. Hunter is the other Joint Hon. Secretary. At the other table is Mrs. J. B. Graves, who is in charge of the section of the hospitality office which arranges for men to spend their leave up-country. Lady Colville took the opportunity of inspecting the Committee's Mobile Canteens and met quite a number of the workers. Mrs. Barker, who is in charge of these canteens, is presenting the workers to Lady Colville. They include Mrs. Skuttloworth, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Tuton, Mrs. Picot, Mrs. Moody, Miss McNeil, Mrs. Bracwell, and Mrs. Kiddie. The Committee now have three mobile canteens at least two of which go out every day leaving the office about 10 o'clock and returning in the evening after having visited the outlying camps and also some of the hospitals.

## Gateway Gossip

By "Budli."

MR. CECIL BEATON, artist and photographer beloved of English society, paid a visit to Bombay last month and it had the good fortune to meet him in "The Onlooker" Office. "The Onlooker" has, in one time or another, used quite a number of his photographs and the Editor tells me that this month a delightful photograph of the King of Persia and his family by Mr. Beaton is being published as a frontpiece.

Mr. Beaton prides himself on his marvellous backgrounds and to him (though not always to the Editor!) they are of as much importance as the subject, as may be seen from the lovely photograph of Mrs. Paterson (see page 18) taken among the stately pillars of Government House in Calcutta. He is giving up most of his time now to the Ministry of Information and is in India on their behalf. In Bombay, he was the guest of His Excellency, the Governor of Bombay, and Lady Colville.

Another guest at Government House who hopes to spend some time in this country was Major-General Sir Iven Mackay who, with Lady Mackay, has just arrived from Australia to take up his appointment as High Commissioner to India—a new departure on the part of the Australian Government. Sir Iven came almost direct from the battlefields of New Guinea where he commanded the Australians. Both he and Lady Mackay made many friends in Bombay during their short stay before going on to Delhi.

### Travel Ambassador

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Gollan came down from Simla to meet the newcomers and smooth the way for them. Mr. Gollan knowing India now as well as he knows his own country. He has been here for some years, first as Australia's Travel Ambassador and then as Trade Commissioner. In order to give Bombay people an opportunity of contacting Sir Iven, Mr. Gollan gave two luncheon parties at the Taj, the first of which was attended by the Governor of Bombay and his Advisors, the Senior Service Officers in Bombay, Major-General Alban and Commodore Rattray and Bombay's leading industrialists, most of whom were invited on the second day.

Simultaneously, many Bombay ladies had an opportunity of meeting Lady Mackay at friendly lunch parties given by Mrs. Gollan at the Yacht Club.

The Australian Ambassador entertained Sir Iven and Lady Mackay to a dinner

at the Taj when Mr. and Mrs. Newbery and the Committee were the hosts. Lady Mackay wore a marina-blue dinner dress and Mrs. Gollan was also in blue in a becoming hyacinth shade, softly gathered. Mrs. Newbery, wife of the President, looked attractive in a filmy pink and white floral nixon and Lady Clayton was in green. The Claytons have recently had Sir Hugh's brother—"Tubby" of Touch H fame—staying with them en route for other parts. Sir Hugh was complaining that he is getting writer's camp as a result of having to re-forward his brother's enormous mail.

During the evening Miss Shanti Seldon charmed the guests with her delightful playing, her choice of music being particularly pleasing.

The Mackays will be joined, before this is published, by their daughter, Mrs. Jean Travers, whose husband, also an Australian, is a prisoner of war in Germany. She has been at G.H.Q. in Cairo but comes to join her father in a secretarial capacity.

Lady Mackay proved to be a tireless shopper, endeavouring to make up shortages in their needs which they were unable to get in Australia where clothing is very strictly rationed.

The Australian party was seen about a good deal and enjoyed an afternoon at the races, having previously been entertained to lunch by Sir Sultan and Lady Chinnoy. After the races Sir Iven and Lady



Mr. Habib Rahimtoola and Mr. Homi K. Dady-Burjor held a most successful joint exhibition of their photographs in Bombay which was seen by several hundred people. The photograph of this little fellow was one of the exhibits. He is Mr. Dady-Burjor's son. Apparently he did not care too much about being photographed for everybody to see.

Mackay, accompanied by Mr. Moodie and Capt. Pring, joined a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Newbery, at the Willington

Club cocktail dance, among the other guests being Sir Sultan and Lady Chinnoy, the American Consul and Mrs. Donovan, the Gollans, Bhivandiwallas, Markers, Habib Rahimtoola, Raschid Baira, Mrs. Guddar and Begum Abdul Kadir, down from Junagadh (where her husband is Dewan) looking serene and lovely as ever. After dinner at the Club the party went to a nearby cinema to see a private showing of Walt Disney's film "Victory Through the Air" Power" based on Major Severy's book.

Another arrival in Bombay, welcomed with open arms by crowds of old friends, was Mrs. Mavis Turner, wife of Mr. John Turner of Reuter's, looking extremely well after a sojourn in South America, the United States and England. Young John is still at home at school, but Peter came back again with his mother.

### Which Birthday?

Eddy Wadia celebrated his birthday (no one knew which) the other evening when he and his popular wife, Eva, entertained friends, among whom were seen Dr. and Miss Mehru Masina, the Naval Tans (she in an attractive light blue and silver sari), Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Adams, Marjorie attractive in white lace, Miss Cama in red and gold, Mrs. Jones from Burma in black with sequins; a delightful newcomer to Bombay—Miss Maclean of the American Red Cross, in white with gold embroidery, Mrs. Blair, Miss Fallow, Abides and many others. Eva herself was in a smoky-blue sari sparkling with sequins.

Mention of parties calls to mind a very successful one given by the Burnes-Lawsons on the occasion of the return to the fold for a few weeks of their daughter Pat, now, of course, Mrs. "Bill" Carter.

Most interesting guest on that night was General Verschoyle-Campbell who had just heard the good news that his son, commanding a Royal Navy submarine in the Pacific, had been awarded the D.S.O. for the sinking of a Japanese aircraft carrier. Mrs. Campbell, well known in arctic circles in Delhi, was unfortunately unable to come to Bombay with her husband. A second son who left India little more than a year ago to train in Africa has just received his commission in the R.A.F.

During the month news came of the arrival of a daughter, Marilyn Gaynor, to Capt. and Mrs. Alastair Lindsay Robertson. Maureen's mother, Mrs. Moseley is down meantime in South India with them.

Her many friends in Bombay and Madras will also be pleased to hear that Diana Smith (daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Niel Smith, Bombay) has two daughters. Mrs. Smith went home with her husband to England some time ago.

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Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Smith in their box at a recent race-meeting at Mahalaxmi, Bombay. Mrs. (Gladys) Smith's Navy Sheepskin Jacket is well known and her stall scored a signal success in the Merrie Town Red Cross Fair in Bombay taking over half a lakh of rupees. With Mr. and Mrs. Smith is Mrs. Harris one of the Sheepskin League's most enthusiastic helpers.



Hamilton Studios.

Members of the Board of Management, Committees and Secretaries of the Bombay Y.W.C.A., at a luncheon given by the President, Mrs. H. E. Jones, at the Willington Club in honour of Miss Tsai Kwei, National General Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. of China. From l. to r. are:—(FRONT ROW) Mrs. Ditchburn, Mrs. C. F. Lynn, Mrs. R. C. Lowndes, Mrs. P. E. Fielding, Mrs. J. Kumaraappa, Miss Tsai Kwei, Mrs. H. E. Jones, Miss M. R. Law, Miss O. Kaar, Mrs. L. P. Bourne, and Mrs. S. W. Brittain, (SECOND ROW) Miss Groom, Mrs. E. M. B. Ghosh, Miss E. Moreland, Mrs. A. Sircar, Mrs. T. Azopardi, Mrs. A. MacRae, Mrs. F. Porlock, Mrs. N. M. Cameron, Mrs. A. S. Chaudhri, Mrs. Burns-Lawson, Mrs. H. V. Poinson, Mrs. J. W. Prentice, Mrs. E. M. Moffatt, Miss F. Parmelee, and Mrs. J. Salway. (BACK ROW) Mrs. Ou Koo Boo, Mrs. Greaves, Mrs. K. Wilson, Miss M. Hyeem, Miss M. Drescher, Miss S. Aaron, Miss T. Pussanah, Mrs. P. R. Harper, Mrs. F. M. W. Harrison and Mrs. A. E. Everard.



Sharda, the lovely wife of Mr. Ramash Balsekar of the Bank of India Ltd., Bombay.

## Gateway Gossip

(Continued from page 36)

### R. B. Y. C. Regatta

Although the ranks of Bombay's yachtsmen are somewhat thinned and a number of yachts are not in the water, a very creditable attempt was made to emulate the Regatta of peace days. Entries, as was to be expected, were not numerous during the week and the Sealark Ladies' Race had to be cancelled. In the Handicap Class the event was won by Mrs. Thornton at the helm of *Varna*. First over the line was *Merope* steered by Mrs. Ahlward whose husband crewed for her. *Merope* was closely followed by *Capella* steered by Mrs. Joan Noel Paton who made a re-appearance on the harbour after several years' absence. The Governor's Cup (Handicap Class) was won in good style by *Jagriti*, owned and steered by Clarence Steerwood from *Capella* which, steered by Toby Kynnerley, secured no fewer than four wins in succession during the Regatta, tribute to that keen yachtsman's ability and knowledge of the vagaries of the harbour. The much-coveted Gordon Bennett Cup called on the last day of the Regatta was won by *Varna*

(Alastair MacRae), the MacFarlane Cup in the same event for first over the line going to *Capella*.

Sir John and Lady Colville were on board the Committee vessel on the Friday when Lady Colville gave away the prizes. She wore white for the occasion and Miss Colville was in a pale blue suit with stonod of the same colour. The Commodore, Allan Percy, was in excellent form when he made his last speech in that capacity as he makes way for Col. Ralph Emerson who, as Vice-Commodore, was due for "promotion" just when he was called to active service, of which he saw a lively lot in North Africa and Sicily before being recalled to India to assume the General Managership of the G.I.P. Railway. Among the most popular recipients of a number of prizes was Mrs. "Tessa" Gladby who steered her lovely cruising and racing yacht *Mubarak* first over the line on many occasions earlier in the season, stealing the limelight and the gun from the oldest and most experienced of male "skippers."

### First Flower Show

One of Bombay's most energetic women, Mrs. Lilavati Munshi is to be congratulated with her committee on organising Bombay's first Flower and Vegetable Show. She did a great service to the City and it is hoped that she will repeat the effort next year when, with ample warning, the City's flower lovers and enthusiastic vegetable

growers, will have had time to do themselves and the City justice.

Indian and British women alike were inspired by the message brought to those working in the interests of women by Mrs. Arthur Grenfell, Vice-President of the World Y.W.C.A., who passed through Bombay on her way to Australia. The Y.W.C.A. were fortunate in that she was present when the Bombay Branch held its annual meeting and the President, Mrs. H. E. Jones, was able to present to her at the same time Miss Tsai Kwei, National General Secretary of China and the new National General Secretary of the Indian Y.W.C.A., Miss Sona Mathew.

From a financial point of view Mrs. A. F. S. Talyarkhan and her helpers excelled themselves when, as a result of the Merrie Trvon Fete, they were able to hand over to the Red Cross Fund no less than three lakhs of rupees. Sir Homi Mehta was most enthusiastic about the work done by all the helpers who worked steadily for eight days. The Fete was opened by Lady Colville, dressed in soft grey with touches of pink on the shoulders to match her flower bouque, accompanied by Miss Colville, most appropriately wearing her St. John Ambulance uniform which suits her so well. Mrs. Talyarkhan wore a wine-coloured sari with a satin border of a deeper tone.

Several hundred people accepted the invitation of Mr. Anirudin Shalchhy



Hamilton Studios.

Shrinani Maharajkumar Khanderao Gaekwar of Baroda, having obtained his commission, is now in the Indian Cavalry. The Maharajkumar, who is an all-round sportsman, is a grandson of the late Maharajah of Baroda and a cousin of the present Maharajah. His studies of Cambridge were interrupted by the outbreak of war, when he returned to India.



Lady Colville, on her recent visit to Deolali South, laid the foundation stone of the Darna River Club, now under construction, as an amenity for officers and their families, and Nursing Sisters of the Station. Lady Colville is seen here with Lt.-Col. Mann, Chairman of the Club.

Tyebjee to a reception at the Turf Club one Sunday afternoon to celebrate the marriage of his daughter Shirin with Zafarali Taybali Rajabali and an enjoyable few hours was spent by the guests amid the pleasant surroundings of the Turf Club which made an ideal background for the many beautiful saris worn by the Indian ladies.

"Lina's Junkie Shop" donated the following amounts from her takings for February. St. Dunstan's Rs. 1,000. Matunga Widows' Appeal, Fund Rs. 1,000. Welfare Soldiers' Families Rs. 100. B.W.V.C., for the B.N.H. Library Rs. 100. Women's Services Club Rs. 100. Scotch Kirk Rent Room for Services Rs. 100. League of Mercy Rs. 600. Total Rs. 4,000.



Captain "Bishop" Bowley, who is a well-known figure in this circle, recently stayed at The Club whilst on leave, when he succeeded in fitting into a crowded programme, a very welcome "refresher."



Presentation of the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal to Mrs. Mackenzie at the Provincial Darbar held at Sibi by Lt-Col. William Rupert Hay, C.S.I., C.I.E., Agent to the Governor-General, Resident and Chief Commissioner in Baluchistan. Mrs. Phyllis Mackenzie, the wife of Brigadier Mackenzie, Area Commander, Quetta, received her Kaiser-i-Hind Medal for the splendid work she did in connection with the inauguration and organisation of the British Forces Club, which is so popular amongst British Troops in Quetta. She was largely responsible for the preliminary work for the Club in 1942 and personally collected the names of all those willing to work there. She arranged the duties to be carried out by each volunteer and drew up a scheme for the working of the Club by which members were responsible for the cooking, heating, cleaning and preparation of the rooms, as well as the actual serving of the food, sale of cigarettes and other things to the men. There are now 80 W.A.S. members employed in the Club each week and Mrs. Mackenzie is still responsible for preparing the roster and organising their duties. In addition she is now organising Secretary of the Women's Voluntary Service in the Province and deals with the questions of rationing, allowances and passages, as they affect war-separated wives, and with the many other activities of the Baluchistan branch of the Women's Voluntary Services.

## Poona Prattle

By "The Prawn."

THE delightful Poona cold weather is over, and the arrival of warmer days has seen the beginning of the move to the hills of those lucky enough to be able to get away for a short spell.

The secret of the proposed visit of Sir Claude Auchinleck, the Commander in Chief, to Poona was well kept. He and General Theobald Preece started with Major-General Beard at Command House. The Forces Clubs were particularly delighted to be selected for a visit by India's popular military chief.

Colonel Durr put on an extremely good variety show to amuse the patients in his hospital. The cast, all local, was of a really high standard, and included Bunny Patel, Arthur Parris, and some good-looking Nursing Sisters, who certainly law their stuff on the stage.

An L.S.N.A. party, "Yours, We salute," paid us an early visit soon after arriving from the Madras East. The very attractive Misses, Ben Seaton, celebrated her second birthday. In Poona, her was unfortunate in being unable to go on to Bangalore with the Party.

Other distinguished visitors to Poona included Mrs. Grenville, Vice-President of the N.W.C.A. from London. She



A scene from the Pantomime Cinderella, which was performed at the Club, D-I-Khan, recently in aid of the Red Cross Funds. The play was produced and directed by Capt. Charles Black and the costumes were made by Mrs. (Muriel) Grove White. In the picture from L. to R. are: Mrs. Eve Archer, Miss Joan Old, Master Reg Lee and Master Tom Rodling. Among others who took part in the performance were Mrs. M. Luge, Lt. R. Ridgwell, Lt.-Col. D. Archer, Major (Tommy) Thompson, Miss Elsie Rodling, Robin Bradshaw, Michael Broadbent, Keith Old, Brenda Old, Daphne Smith, Mrs. Amy Durrer, Francis Durrer and George Durrer.

gave a very interesting lecture to a packed audience of women at a workers' club and had some enlightening things to say of women's work in England under the conditions.

Colonel Heaven, famous for his Rural Uplift Work in the Punjab, also gave a very good lecture. He has been the

guest of Colonel and Mrs. Dick, who will be greatly missed when they leave Poona shortly. Mrs. Dick has put her heart and soul into her work as W. V. S. commandant of the Convalescent Depot, where she has organised comforts and amenities with tremendous success. Her motto is, "I have to fall on Mrs. Carnock when the Ducks leave."

Mrs. Nunn, wife of Brigadier Nunn, has organised a series of lectures on Arts and Crafts to train home helpers to teach Divisional Therapy to troops in hospitals. Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Wells are the talented ladies who are giving instruction in leather work, toy-making, paper mache and many other fascinating types of work which should prove of great interest and value to the sick and wounded.

The Blood Bank has been active in late, and Patsy Prall and Marjorie Stewart were seen very quick and smart in their uniform, collecting as many volunteers as possible for this very vital cause. It is such an easy way to help in the war effort, that it is surprising more people don't come forward to donate their blood and so do their bit.

From Lachen we learn the news of the engagement of "Terrie" South (Lillian Mary Elsie) daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. E. G. A. Smith who were for many years in Poona, to Capt. William John Galloway, M.C., Gurkha Rifle, of Glasgow. "Terrie" is now a sergeant in the W.A.S.



Photograph taken on the occasion of the first anniversary of the opening of the Natives Canteen, Rawalpindi. From L. to R. are: (Sitting) — Lt.-General H. Ennis, C.B., M.C., Mrs. Bowen, Canteen Representative, Sardar Bahadur Bakshi Dalip Singh, Durrer, Mrs. Ennis, President, W.F.S. (Standing) — Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Branch, Mrs. Mann, Mrs. Strang, Mrs. Cable, Mrs. Nunn, Mrs. Woodhouse, Mrs. Pinner, Mrs. Moss and Mrs. Buncher, Canteen Workers. Many others were, unfortunately, unable to be present when the photograph was taken.



Miss Heather Keelton and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Andrew Keelton, pose prettily for their picture at the Durdals Club Swimming Pool.

**This Is A Farariddle :**

Sharp: I think you will admit, old chap, that some men owe their success in life to their wives.

Keen: Yes, but others owe their wives to their success in life.

**And This A Tale :**

The Girl: You make me think of Venus de Milo.

The Young Man: But I have arms.

The Girl: Oh, have you? I hadn't noticed.

**The Hold-Up**

"Jack was held up by two men last night."

"Where?"

"All the way home."

**Tie Tacks**

"I never loved anyone but you."

"Nonsense."

"You are the light of my life."

"I've heard that before."

"I can't live without your love."

"Foolish talk."

"If I could only tell you how much I love you!"

"Think of something new."

"Will you marry me?"

"Well, now we're talking."

**Puzzling**

An officer home on leave from India brought back a beautiful tiger-skin and proceeded to give a graphic description of the exciting shoot during which he had bagged the fine specimen. The family listened enraptured, with the exception of the youngest son.

"That's all very well," he said suspiciously, at the end of the recital, "but how did you manage to shoot it so flat?"



"—And, er—ek Bandobust—!"

"And what did you learn in Scripture lesson, dear?" asked mother.

"Oh, all about the Ten Commandos," replied Tommy.

Brown: Do you know I'm losing my memory. It's worrying me to death.

Jones (sympathetically): Never mind, old man. Forget all about it.

"Is it necessary to send stamps with a manuscript?" wrote a young author.

"More necessary than it is to send a manuscript," replied the worried editor.

Magistrate: What did the constable do when you called him a lobster?

Prisoner: He pinched me.

**See Poona And Die**

I'll like to go to Poona 'cos I've always understood That unless you've been to Poona Your Biography's no good. You may know the whole of Delhi And the warlike Khyber Pass, You may often fill your belly With hot curry in Madras; You may voyage on the Hooply Or eat sand in Southern Sind, Or at Firpo's in Calcutta Be perpetually blind!

You may know the roads of India From Benares to Bombay, You may taste the joys of Jhansi And have fished round Kulu way;

You may think you are experienced And an 'Old Kai hai' to boot As you say you're out on 'Shikar' Instead of out to shoot.

But unless you've been to Poona You've not lived it seems to me, So the sooner I'm in Poona The happier I'll be.

Friend send me to the Deccan On any kind of job, And when I'm old I'll proudly say "I knew the racing mob!"

In Poona, dear old Poona, Where the Sabote are really 'Pukka'—

And I'll have my fellow creatures By describing every 'Chukka' That we didn't play in Poona, And so, when I retire, (Which bad gin should make the sooner.)

I'll have had my Heart's desire; And in some pleasant corner Of a Service Club I'll die, Whispering "When once I was in Poona I was then an 'Old Kai hai'."

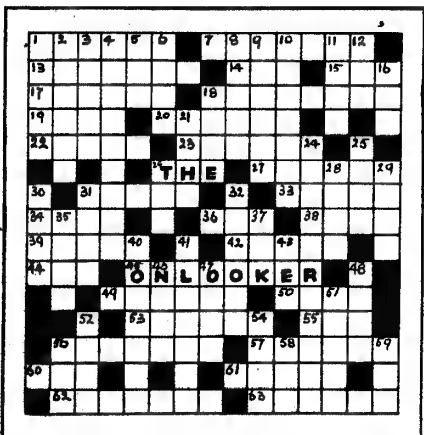
Robin Elliott

**CLUES DOWN :**

- Office Assistant's perforce
- Much the same as 28 down
- A foreigner's farewell
- To be primarily a skifflet leads to unappreciation
- American author and poet
- A scattering of guns
- Consider the tree it contains!
- Passenger vessels
- Deprive of sensibility what is more than half dead
- Garden for a statesman?
- Furrow
- River in Scotland
- Insect which sounds cheap at the price
- The top two looks colour on the whole
- Reverently determined to make an adversary's nose bleed? (7 words)
- Poetically at a distance
- A high explosive, in short
- Mixed food causes terror
- A vehicle led most of it
- Hair in front of the canal
- Gair more than an ear to obtain reward
- Recite in a pitched voice
- Help is wanted in obtaining payment
- Indian or
- Hansard, at dinner, in a dry sort of way?
- The petrol is said to be a bird of this sort (Hyphenated word)
- A spelling one is no insect
- Observe the tone it carries!
- In this mixed soil used for a landscape garden?
- Not a joint for the table
- "DO LIE" (anagram)
- Shelter for cattle
- Asterisk
- Strangely enough, a 'poor fish' seems full of vitality!
- Number
- A learned gentleman occupied half a large city

**CLUES ACROSS :**

- Show temper—perhaps on account of the licks?
- He "IS OLDER" for fighting
- Warfare
- Kind of bird to make a good dish?
- Time can a payment fall
- "IN EARS" (Anagram)
- "MAN TRIES" to make barrels
- Disappointed
- Achieved first profit
- 7 across often forms them
- Whom typed it becomes conventional
- Article
- Denies the tobacco?
- The word seems to be mostly ill-omensed.
- Fish and animal the wild duck
- Problems stone
- Have's some for you!
- Food included in the price of your ticket?
- Signifying confusion
- There appears to be an ornamental flag on this drum
- The relative jumped out of their skins
- Observe
- The kind of day to get in at last
- Nearly all H across
- Misapprehended nearly all the vote-mans
- Give position to assume?
- "MERRY ST"
- A design impressed, evidently, with the last instrument
- Animal goes back to spell the word
- A vessel starts the boat
- What is awaiting settlement?—The city
- Which?

**"The Onlooker Crossword"**

Solution on page 46.







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# Jodhpur Jottings

By "Jodhpur."

THOUGH the suspicious hour chosen was 2.20 of a Sunday afternoon in March, a lot of distinguished guests were present in the Darbar School Hall to witness the opening ceremony of Red Cross Week, performed by the Mahanji Kumar. The first item of the week was a file at Jantar College, but the most noticeable feature so far is all the best-looking young women in the place in Red Cross uniform, invading offices and messes with flags to sell. Our American allies are helping the War Effort by decorating their jeeps and driving some of the flag sellers round the station; though maybe driving Dorothy Goddard and Joanna Duncan and all ground is not such an effort at that.

Joanna came back from Bombay to take part in the ENSA production of 'Private Lives', with Doreen Lawrence, and Richard Caldicott and Phillip Ashley, who were both seconded from the Army. It was nice to see a play instead of a movie for a change and nice to have such charming visitors from the outside world. Col. Williams organised a Club dance in their honour and it certainly was a good one.

Sgt./Leader Howard Rice from Simla was there and Major Delapiano from Delhi and Joyce Worsman, staying with the Rawlins. She is Guy's cousin and her husband is in the Intelligence School in Karachi.

As this ENSA company is temporarily withdrawn from circulation, Joanna is staying on with father, to his delight and that of all of us who know her; including the United Nations forces!

## Distinguished Visitors

A number of distinguished Indian visitors at the hotel: Mahanji Singh of Idar and Keshi Sahib Uday Singh of Patan and Mahanji Sri Pratap Singh of Jannagar with Captain Keel Singh. And our old friend Rao Rajah Abhay Singh, now of Lord Louis Mountbatten's staff, home from the front for a few days, just in time for the Hotel festivities. His own house here was given to R.A.F. for the officers'

mess, but they have outgrown it and where they will have a lovely garden to smelt their hot weather.

Major W. Gordon, retiring after 31 years on the Jodhpur Railway. When he joined it was the Jodhpur-Bikaner Railway and most of his service was in Bikaner, till he came to Jodhpur in 1946 as Manager of the newly-separated Jodhpur Railway, bringing with him the nickname of 'Stuffy', by which he is known throughout India, at golf clubs and bridge tables as well as at more earnest conferences. In the last War he joined the R.F.C. and was awarded the Croix de Guerre and the O.B.E. (Military Division). In 1936 he received the C.I.E. The last few weeks have seen many first parties for him, as well as the Palace one; notably a dinner, given him by all his officers. His main pastime was golf; if the game can ever be a mere pastime! I have seen only plus handicap. (Not sure about 12 in Wetherpoon, but he's gone to the War), and instead of seeping for the green courses of Calcutta, was content to toil nightly round our sandy fairways. Before leaving he won the Bera Cup from P/O John Lambert and, with Bill Powell, defeated Frank Sirel and Brian Mahon in the finals of the Ratanada match foursomes. He is expecting shortly to sail for England, when his mantle descends upon Grey Rawlins.

Another visitor from Simla was Col. R. T. Harrison and, back from Bombay, is Mr. S. Norblin working on another beautiful mural in Chhatra Palace. In connection with the interior decoration of the Palace, Mr. Walter George has been over from Delhi and Mrs. George is staying on here.

Nancy Bishop came down from Lahore to pack up her belongings. They have been lucky enough to get a house there, instead of having to live in a hotel. 'Blah' is now a Wing Commander.

## A Hollywood Setting

Beryl Rigg took Hugh up to school in Naini, but was back in time to help the Red Cross Week. Sir Donald Field is still away, but Lady Field is here, very busy with Red Cross, but finding time still to give some of her lovely out-of-door lunch parties. Last Sunday's was a return for the delightful party the Americans gave us in their Mess recently. Coloured umbrellas and tablecloths, flowers and lawns and all were an almost Hollywood setting. Carmen lent the garden for a big Girls' Guide Rally last week. It must be very encouraging to Eerie Simpson to see how the movement has progressed under her Commissioner-ship. Her hard work, organising and enthusiasm have certainly produced results which are contagious, since she now has several able assistants.

At the Road House, Gertsen, the Weekly Brains Trust Quiz, run by the Rev. James Glennie and Pte./Lt. Ken Howard, is immensely popular. The men here also started a Hindu-Muslim class, which functions twice a week or so, with a school-master to teach them. Anne Warren is still in charge of the Branch House, contending with the increasing difficulties of sugar and such.

But her difficulties are less than those of Major Steel, now in charge of Poles Control Rationing!

Did we say that Molly Mahon won the Mahanji Dhira's Ajik Singh Cup for Medal round?

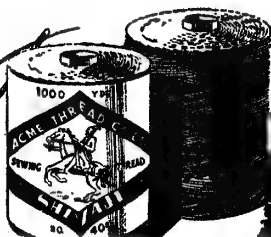
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STOCKIST'S APPLICATIONS INVITED

# Nilgiri Nibblings

By "TheToda"

THE high spot of this month has been the Pet Show, organised on behalf of the Prisoners of War Relatives' Association by the secretary, Mrs. B. Duncan and Mrs. Thomas in aid of our Prisoners. Both prizes for "Best Conditioned Smooth-Haired Dog" were won by Dechbunda, Miss Barry's Gray's "Fram" beating Miss Phillips Duncan's "Joker." This might have given rise to uneasiness in patriotic British hearts had one not known they were all officially naturalised. However, the winner of the "Best Conditioned Long-Haired Dog" was sufficiently British to satisfy the most carping of us, Miss Dor Wapshare's English Setter "Maggie." The second prize in this event went to Felicity Purnan's little dog which later came first in the "Nicest Child's Dog" class, "Perry." George Miller's Cockspaniel, coming second, "Perry" distinguished himself by also winning two first prizes "Best Trained" and the 6th Dog Race.

The first race of the day, "The Sausage Race," obviously for Dechbunda only, caused much amusement, the winner being Derride Kelly's "Rudie," with Louis Craddock's "Zina" a close second. This converted Nazi shows her patriotism by refusing to touch her food until told that it is British. The idea of making the prize for this event fresh sausage was not well received by the participants who seemed to detect in the suggestion some slur on their origin or possible destination.

## Stopped To Wag Tail

There was an amusing and unexpected finish to the 5th race. Mrs. Hill's Bull-terrier "Binbo" had the race well in hand when he spotted his owner

in the winning post and his face breaking into a broad grin of delighted recognition he stopped to wag his tail, thus letting Timman's "Jimmie" (of no definite breed) break past him into first place. Mrs. Pardey's cat was voted the best in the one and only cat event, with Miss Guthrie's second. The independent creature of Miss Scott, however, had decided for himself before the event that he was so obviously the nicest that it was not worth while waiting for the official judgment, so he stalked off on business of his own, and, unfortunately, has not yet returned.

The first of the many horse events was a most attractive class. It was for the most promising young pony, under four years old, bred in the Nilgiris. There were some interesting foals and we would like to have given prizes to all of them, but there was only one and it was awarded to Miss Barry Gray's "Mischiefs." "Best Conditioned Child's Pony" was Master B. Duncan's "Robin Grey," with Miss Guthrie's "Lady Jane Grey" second. Grey seems to have been the lucky colour of the day, as "Lady Jane Grey" also won "Best Child's Pony" between 13th and 14th with Miss Barry Gray as rider, and Capt. Prosser Egan's "Duncan Grey" was the event for "Best Conditioned Horse," Miss Joan Platts' "Brunette" coming second. "Brunette" also came first in the "Hack" class, ridden by her owner, with Major West's "Tony," ridden by Mrs. Miller, second. There were so many entries for the "Best Child's Pony" under 15th ridden by a child under 15, that this class had to be divided into two sections—riders under nine years old; and over. The first was won by "Dilawar" with Brian Kelly riding; and the second by Miss

K. Paton's "Honey Pot," owner up. There was a special prize for the best child rider of the day, and the standard was so high that it was very difficult to come to a decision. After careful deliberation the judges awarded the prize to Miss Amanda Paton, who well deserved it, riding her lively little pony "Tite." Crystal Webb on "Heather Bell" was a close second.

## Two Good Mixers

The hard-working Committee, who are to be congratulated on making nearly Rs. 100 for the cause, consisted of Mrs. Duncan, Mrs. Thomas, Mr. J. F. Small, M.P.H., Mr. B. A. C. Neville, G.I.E., and Mr. A. M. Robertson, M.C.,

G.I.E. The judges were Hon. Mrs. Brooke, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Bunbury, Mr. Harlowe Irwin, Mr. Macquenn, Mr. Keene, Major Crofts and Mr. V. S. Williams. Mrs. Crombie, wife of the Collector of the Nilgiris, gave away the prizes. Mrs. Stanfield's old mare, "Daisy," about 21 years old, was so hurt at not being entered for any event in the Pet Show, that her owner, the following day, gave her a chance of claiming her share of the limelight by riding her into and out off the bar at the Golf Club amidst cheers, and then, to even greater applause, down the dozen or so steps into the road and back again. What must she have been like in her girlhood? The mare!

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## My Shooting Autobiography

(Continued from page 23)

knowledge of the subject at that time. Wassmass, that was his name, would rig up a couple of poles with a wire attached, apparently as an aerial, and with another wire connected therefrom to his typewriter. He would then tap away for some time in the presence of some local notables, listening in for long periods with great apparent interest. He would then announce that he had been in communication with Berlin and that the All Highest had been pleased to award the Iron Cross to the particular gullible individual who was then acting as his audience. Mingled with his congratulations would be inserted a subtle suggestion that the customary thing on such an auspicious occasion was a suitably large donation, a hint which, it was said, the gratified recipient of a fictitious decoration seldom failed to take. However, in the end his house of cards, so carefully erected, crashed about his ears.

Some few weeks after our arrival, we moved up the line to join the Sinking Force, I, as usual, on the lookout for game! Doves once again were all that I bagged until we arrived at Delhi,

the last camp before striking into the hills. At Delhi there was a delightful little river in which we had some cool and refreshing bathing. Beyond the river there was a thicket which seemed to hold the promise of snipe. We were not supposed to venture out so far but the temptation was too great and on one occasion I went across accompanied by my fine young Punjabi orderly, a handsome young Avian from the Shahpur district, Fatch Khan by name. Snipe began to get up and I pushed on into the centre of the thicket. There a bird got up and I fired and missed and then from a few hundred yards off someone fired at me and missed also! We heard the report and a bullet ached into the water a couple of yards away from us. Looking in the direction from which the sound had come, we saw a man hastily mounting a horse. As soon as he was in the saddle he made off as fast as the horse could gallop and very soon disappeared in the distance, which was just as well as we would have been at rather a disadvantage to say the least pitting No. 8's against a rifle!

We got much better shooting as we got higher up into the hills. Chikor and *zee* were found in abundance and, once the lighting was over and things had settled down, we were able to get out for some very pleasant little shoots.

I remember my delight when on a

## Tiger Shooting In Indian Forests

(Continued from page 23)

and actually closed my eyes and waited whilst the beat came steadily closer. A slight noise made by dry leaves to my right suddenly made me conscious of my surroundings and I stood up taking my D.B.B.L. Rifle.

To my great surprise I saw a big tiger crossing the *nalai* about 25 or 30

certain occasion I bagged more birds than our Quarter Master, Captain L. W. Middleton, who, although he was suffering from catarract and was almost blind of one eye, was still a very much finer shot than I was at the time. Middleton was a planter who owned a big tea estate in Assam and had joined up as a volunteer for every war including the Boer war. He had an imposing string of medals which we all admired, we ourselves being very bare of breast at that time! Middleton, as so many really fine shots are, was very encouraging and generous towards the young idea and when our Colonel, the famous "Bertie" Halseberg, said to him pointedly "Well, young Herion has wiped your eye this time!" he laughed with complete good humour and replied "He certainly has, sir!"

yards away from where I was, going actually towards the direction of the beat. It had stood about 25 yards away to my right probably watching me and possibly was now disturbed by the shouts of the beaters coming closer. I, raising my rifle to the shoulder, took aim a length ahead of the tiger and fired at the running beast, letting go both barrels in the excitement.

The tiger rushed past roaring and soon disappeared in the thick scrub. On arrival of the beaters I related to them what had happened and the head shikari, a fine old man of 60, soon spotted the pug marks left on the ground. Following these a few yards ahead we came on blood-stained leaves and drops which grew in size as the tiger had gone on. Evidently the tiger was desperately wounded and it was very dangerous to follow him like this. I warned all the men and we formed a small circle, with myself, my orderly and the shikari each with a rifle ready to fire with finger on the trigger. As we approached a second thicket a deep growl sounded from under a big bush and we caught a glimpse of the tiger moving off again. We therefore decided to leave his tracks that afternoon and very wisely so. He was found dead the next day about 500 yards from where we had left off, partly hidden in tall grass and dry leaves. He measured 6 ft. 8 inches.



## a fine coffee

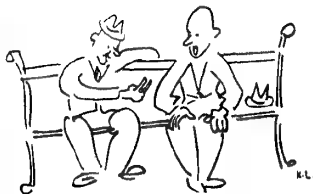
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## Cool Coonoor

By "Coelly"

MR. and Mrs. Huggins were At Home to their friends in the Coonoor Club at the end of February. It was a distinctly enjoyable evening, and I contacted lots of people I hadn't seen for many a day. There was Kitty Bromsen, from Burma, with her brown hair and blue eyes, in red and black; Jack Small, in from the wilds; Hilda Harwood, who is so busy these days running 'Dunmore' Officers' Hostel, in black with gold embroidery; Charlie Ellery, with an alluring hair-style, which I suggested she should hang on to for ever—it was so delightful. Mrs. Webb wore a graceful black velvet dress, whilst Mrs. Briscoe was in black lace.

Col. Jeyaraj was as full of spirits as ever, as he told the story of his life to Mary O'Regan and Clarice Willoughby Grant—the latter garbed in a frock of the Victorian persuasion—which I rather envied. Mrs. Hill, whose husband is Professor of English at Patna University, was in multicoloured chiffon. I saw her with lovely Phyl Stanes, who is always so attractive in black. Mrs. Lee-Hart in beige lace was with Mildred Porter, wearing an original frock of sequinned net; a necklace of zincos and diamonds added to the charming effect. Charlotte Murphy, in a graceful mauve gown, tells me she is to marry Tom Pierce at the end of April. Catherine Butcher in multicoloured crepe was with Maizie Wood, in a pretty gold and green frock. My friend, Katherine Pryde wore blue, with black coat. Eileen Watkins, just returned from Bombay, was wearing a graceful ring velvet gown of russet. Mr. Renuart and her daughter were with Capt. Roddick, and I had a word with Francis Cooke. Mrs. Huggins in black with golden sequin motifs, was an admirable hostess—as was Harold Huggins an admirable host.

### Coolest Kotagiri

Farwell, Farwell, my dear old Tote Said Sydenham (the Host). Mr. Sydenham-Clarke, grand old Nilgiri planter, gave a most entertaining farwell party to about 100 friends at 'Rob Roy' Estate, on the eve of his departure for colder climes. Our host, who has the Peter Pan quality of eternal youthfulness, received his guests at the foot of the terrace overlooking the tennis court. He was assisted by his charming daughter-in-law, Avril.

From a most cunning bow of sweet peas, servants emerged laden with trays, and soon the guests were talking animatedly over the tea-cups, prior to playing tennis, bridge, badminton and deck-tennis.

Amongst the badminton players were Gwen Knight, in gold and brown; her sister, Luia Enkine, in beige, welded a merry racquet; lovely Ruth Jones was in dark green crepe de chine; Joyce Elliot, her fair hair a-curl, was in navy, and golden-haired Cynthia Voelcker in a becoming shade of mauve.

Sitting around on the lawn, I noticed Mrs. Moore talking to Mrs. Gill; pretty Laurie Smiles in a grey tailor-made was at a table with Bill Aiton, Eva Milne Henderson and Mrs. Ross. Mrs. Wintorham, in yellow, was discussing High Finance with Marcia Marindin, who tells me she knows nothing about it; Eluned Lewis of the lovely complexion was in a blue and white pleated crepe de chine. I congratulated her on the visit of the stork to her door about two months ago, when he deposited two delightful boys, both answering (in yellow) to Welsh names, which I find as difficult to spell as to pronounce; Nancy Mortimore was in emerald green and pretty Pat Birt, wearing an attractive frock of delphinium blue, has eyes surprisingly brown; Vivien Henshaw-Smith was in an unusual shade of mauve, which accentuated her creamy skin and bright eyes; she was



talking to Jang Tucker, a merry soul, in navy and white; Mrs. Jack Elliot in *l'air de rose* was at a table with the Collector of the Nilgiris and Phillips Smith—both ladies talking about gardens to Mr. Crombie, who is a great authority. Joyce Cropper looked well in grey and Mrs. Harnack, who has a great dress sense, was smart in dusty pink and navy; Maizie Barrows, in a multicoloured crepe, had a lot to tell me of her visit to Bangalore.

On the tennis court, blonde Margaret Yates, Joy Longhurst, Sally Bourne and Avril Sydenham-Clarke leapt about like fawns in the sunshine, and, later, Col. O'Brien, Jack White (the Rev.) Messer, Anderson and Beadnell demonstrated that a man is as young as he feels.

When I entered the Paradise of the wrong, clever bridge players, only Mrs. Herbert Longhurst smiled at my intrusion!! Jean Shaw, dark-haired, was in navy and white; Edith Turpin, a charming Dane, of truly Nordic colouring, wore russets green; brown-haired Daphne Dalton was in an attractive brown and pink ensemble; Olga Macdonald was a dainty figure in cyclamen; Mrs. Ross looked nice in a smart black tailor-made and Carlotta Shaw an airy blue ensemble. I noticed how very attractive was Helen d'Aprie's new hairdressing style; Margaret Beecher in mauve and blue with Ve Palin, back from Madras, wearing blue crepe-de-chine under a navy coat; Mrs. Wright was, as always, smart in black, and Mrs. Stevens wore blue and white. The only hat I encountered that afternoon was that of Olga Way's—on which a red, red robbin, might be said to be 'bob, bob, bobbin' along!

Captain Milne Henderson, with Messrs. Wiffrid Jones, Wintorham and Ross, stood admiring the prowess of the tennis players—although they seemed to be discussing golf most of the time. On Mrs. Ross's shoulder the mantle of Mr. Sydenham-Clarke will fall, till his return, which he threatens to do in a year's time.

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A happy house party at Primrose House, Ootacamund. In the group from left to right are:—(FRONT ROW) L. H. Alexander, I.A.O.C., Lt. G. Evans, R.N., Capt. Phillips, E. Lucas, and Lt. L. Cunningham, I.E. (SECOND ROW) Capt. P. Roger, R.A., Mrs. G. Stewart-Gratton, Major Wilmut, R.I.A.S.C., Lt. E. Watling, R.A., Lt. K. Stacey, R.A., Mrs. M. McKay, Major G. Stewart-Gratton, C.G., and Capt. Burnett, R.A. (STANDINGS) Capt. Bonmister, R.A., Lt. K. N. Pope, R.A., Capt. Muslow, I.A.O.C., and Lt. H. S. Hulme, R.A.



Apart from the dire discomfort of wartime rail travel—apart from overcrowding, from bedding-rolls spread on dusty floors and from lack of restaurant cars—passenger travel does actually slow down the war. It does hold up the movement of vital munitions, the transportation of troops and the distribution of civil supplies. And these tasks must have absolute priority.

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Sydney Smith



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# Philatelist's Corner:

## Still More Free French

By Claude Scott.

FREE French stamps remain at the peak of popularity to which the early issues reached them. But they are in danger of a fall. If long sets of provisionals and other not strictly necessary stamps continue to appear, even the most ardent collector will weary of too much of a good thing.

Latest provisionals are a series of surcharges at the high value pictorials of the Indian Settlements. Leaving aside all the many varieties and errors, these raise the total of Free French provisionals from this one small colony alone to approximately 200.

From Reunion comes news of one more provision to bring that island's quota to the round 10. Presumably, though, this will be the last, for a definite set has been taken into use. This set was printed in London and the attractive labels show a heap of the country's produce.

Another Free French issue is said by a contributor to the American magazine, *Stampor*, to have "caused quite a sensation in philatelic circles." It is not surprising! It seems that, when the French battleship, *Richelieu*, arrived in New York for repair, the postmaster aboard wanted some means of collecting the extra postage on the crew's air mail letters back to Africa. So he had a stock of 14-franc stamps, bearing Poincaré's likeness, overprinted "Par aviation—Bâtiment de Ligne—Richelieu." Only 1,500 copies are said to have been issued. Even so, a good number have found their way into the hands of New York dealers who have been offering them at prices from 12 to 15 dollars each.

### Help To Patriots

Meanwhile the French Committee of National Liberation has released another issue to provide funds for the freedom movement inside France. The design is symbolic—support to a Patriot against a background map of France.

Similarly in preparation for the day of liberation, the Czech Government in Britain has issued, as a souvenir sheet, the

designs of the stamps to be used when Czechoslovakia is again independent. Four of them show scenes in Czechoslovakia and the fifth bears the portraits of the leaders of Czech democracy—President Masaryk, Dr. Benes and General Sefarik.

In the footsteps of Poland, the Yugoslav Government in exile has produced a second set of "sea post" stamps for use aboard its war and merchant vessels. These carry portraits of leaders of thought and action in Yugoslavia during the nineteenth century, set in frames of traditional design. Most famous of its men portrayed is Karadjordje, great-grandfather of the present King Peter.

The Dutch colony of Curacao is responsible for a "war" issue of particular appeal. Four high-value air stamps have been overprinted and sold to raise money for the benefit of Netherlands prisoners of war. It is reported that the issue was limited to 40,000 sets.

### Abyssinian Commemoratives

Abyssinia had a short-lived commemorative issue last November. According to the Addis Ababa correspondent at *The Times* (London), it marked the unveiling of a Liberty statue in the capital by the Emperor and was on sale for only nine days—from November 4 to 12—and then in very limited quantities. These were five values, surcharged and overprinted "Obelisk" in Amharic and English.

According to the same correspondent, an attempt to launch a large supply of stamps in a new design was under consideration. The series, he adds, is expected to include dollar values and air mail stamps and is an indication of the rapid advance of Abyssinia's postal system.

In the British Empire group very few new issues have been reported. The Canadian 1-cent purple stamp, which appeared in coil form and Charkhari has released a one-piece purple label in the 1909 type.

## Crossword Solution Problem on page 39.

ACROSS : DOWN :

- |               |                    |
|---------------|--------------------|
| 1. Stamp      | 1. Staff           |
| 7. Soldier    | 2. Terror          |
| 13. Relious   | 3. Abyss           |
| 14. Pie       | 4. Misadventure    |
| 15. Due       | 5. Poe             |
| 17. Arison    | 6. Song            |
| 18. Misadvent | 7. Oyster          |
| 19. Free      | 8. Lovers          |
| 20. Gained    | 10. Deadend        |
| 23. Fours     | 11. Eden           |
| 25. Best      | 12. But            |
| 26. The       | 16. Rak            |
| 27. Souffle   | 17. Mite           |
| 31. Ebony     | 21. Ashy           |
| 33. Steel     | 24. Part for blood |
| 34. Opal      | 25. Afar           |
| 36. Any       | 26. T.N.T.         |
| 38. Face      | 28. Four           |
| 39. Cent      | 29. Bird           |
| 42. Taker     | 30. Lock           |
| 44. Kin       | 31. Earn           |
| 45. Dabacher  | 32. Intense        |
| 46. Knack     | 33. Paid           |
| 48. Ebon      | 37. Yak            |
| 53. Stakes    | 40. Toasted        |
| 54. Lie       | 41. Dismiss        |
| 56. System    | 43. Bee            |
| 57. Toolad    | 44. Note           |
| 60. Hat       | 47. Oils           |
| 61. Camo      | 48. Exam           |
| 62. Pounding  | 51. Official       |
| 63. Robben    | 52. Byro           |
|               | 53. Fair           |
|               | 54. Bug            |
|               | 55. One            |
|               | 56. Don            |



Mr. A. P. Conaty of Hartsdale, New York, U.S.A., who won for the third time in succession the Country Club (Karachi) Golf Challenge Bowl. This is a competition which is played off scratch over two rounds and Mr. Conaty's excellent score was 150. He is with the Standard Petroleum Oil Company, Karachi.

# Bridge Notes :

## Bluff Bidding

By "Heratius."

NONE of the many systems or conventions with which contract bridge is larded, preclude bluff bidding, though there are many players who regard it as unethical to go "off the rails" and bid what they haven't got. This is about a sound psychic bid is as legitimate a coup as a finesse and if any player can topple over the structure of opposing bidding by a bluff, he deserves the dividend which comes from it.

An incident to which I have referred before, won for myself and partner a top score in an important competition. The opponents were heading for a grand slam at a time when the bonus for this call, vulnerable, was 2,250 points. They had approached perfectly, had given each other several key bids and appeared certain of bidding the major slam. But when the auction reached six Spades my partner doubled and in doing so impregnated the bidding with its first little element of doubt. The hand was played at Six Spades doubled and as soon as dummy went down it was obvious that it was a lay down grand slam. My partner had doubled on a Yarborough. It was one of the best

bids I have ever heard

Sometimes a pass is a bluff bid, as, for example, when a No Trumps has been opened and you sit in the leader's position with a long minor suit headed by three top honours.

A bid of Two Clubs over One No Trumps will warn the enemy of a rick and No Trumps will not be proceeded with unless a certain guard in the suit is discovered. But holding say A K Q to six Clubs and nothing else, a bid of Two Diamonds might be very effective. If the player on your left has high Diamonds he may well bid Two No Trumps, or if he bids any other suit, the original No Trumps holding Diamonds may go on in which case, you probably have six tricks all in a row, where-with to start proceedings.

Another example of bidding the wrong suit is when fourth in hand, the bidding has gone: One No Trumps, Pass (from partner) Two Clubs and you bid

Spades 10 8 7  
 Hearts — 8 5 1  
 Diamonds — 6 0  
 Clubs —

If you bid Two Spades the chances are you will play the hand, though you may well be overbid in a minor suit. But suppose you bid Two Diamonds. A double is to be expected and so you escape with Two Spades. Opponents might well think that this is a sacrifice bid and double you again. The danger is that partner might take you back in Diamonds, but then a psychic bid must always take the risk of bluffing partner.

### Onlooker Problem

Sam has to make Six Spades after the singleton Club has been opened against him.

N 5  
 H 8 6 5 4 3  
 D 10 9 8 7 6 5 4  
 C —

S 10 8 7  
 H A K 3  
 D 8 5 4  
 C —

N 10 9 8 7  
 H A K 3  
 D 8 5 4  
 C —

TACH

S 4 3 2  
 H 10 4  
 D 9  
 C K J 10 9 5

(Solution on page 50)



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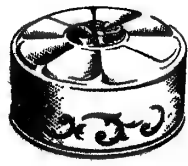


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**Special's Pages:**

## The Beauty of India Fabrics

(Continued from page 31)

The fabric known as *patola* (which originally came from Patan and was, it is said, included in the trousseau of every bride hailing from those parts) is, judging from the rare specimens one sees these days, so incredibly beautiful that it seems a crime to have allowed its manufacture to die out. In this material each thread is dyed individually in bits in green, red or yellow as the pattern requires and then woven into a design with the result that its outlines are not sharply defined and produce a beautifully soft and hazy effect.

The peasant embroideries of Cutch in their lovely vivid colourings—magenta and orange, purple and bright green look lively as *palloos* on dark saris and also as borders. The snug, about *tambhois* and the stiffer kind of Benares sari is that one has to be tall and slender to carry it off but, allowed these absolutely essential preliminaries, the beauty of both when worn is outstanding and superb.

### Kathiawar Designs

Then there are the delightful, flimsy, hand-printed saris in dotted designs

which come from Kathiawar and are so acceptable even in the cotton varieties. They are very becoming especially when coupled with a choli, Delhi shoes, Indian jewellery and flowers in the hair and can be successfully worn by almost any woman, unlike the Madras ones with their wide borders woven in vividly contrasting shades which are suited to a special dusky-complexioned type and look quite wrong on others.

From each of its far-flung corners this country provides artistic and lovely materials which embody the genius of her people for colour and design. It is the duty of every intelligent woman who lays claim to any sort of aesthetic perception to see that this loveliness is fostered for the benefit of humanity and of the generations to come.

### Mutton Dressed as Lamb

(Continued from page 31)

just covered with water; meanwhile boil your beans, and brown the remaining onion separately in another pan with the butter. When the meat is tender add the

chilli powder, and ten minutes before serving the dish, add the beans and browned onion. If you like sour milk curds, and have any by you, try eating it with this dish—it's excellent.

### Corried Chicken

Simmer the neck and leg and wing joints (ends) of a chicken to make a little soup, adding a pinch of salt. Boil three heads of Indian corn, and scrape off the grains when nearly cooked. Wash and joint your chicken, and saute it in two tablespoons butter, margarine or salad oil, together with two sliced onions; gradually add your soup to the contents of the pan, lastly the corn, and cook all together for ten minutes.

### Sausage Pie

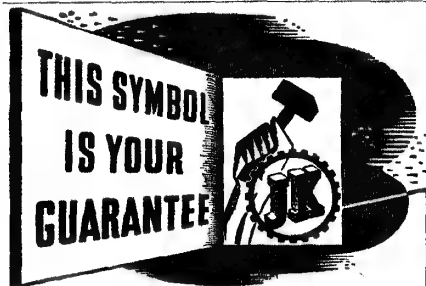
Even those famous ration sausages taste different if you cook them this way! Line a pie-dish with shortcrust; fry the sausages (tinned sausages should always be turned out of the tin and fried, and never heated in the tin—exposed to the air they lose some of their characteristic flavour, and become very palatable); slice them in half lengthways, and cover the piecrust with them; make some apple sauce, as for pork, and spread a thin layer over the sausage; dot with butter and sprinkle with breadcrumbs; bake it, and serve it either hot or cold.



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## From The Editor's Bookshelf:

**"Tikkity Boo"**

THIS collection of charming stories, in "Tikkity Boo," by "Torrida" and illustrated by May Dart (Thacker, Rs. 7-14) some of them founded on fact, some on legend, others upon flights of fancy, and all of them illustrated with imagination and originality, is one of Thacker's most successful ventures into the realm of children's fiction.

There is a legend of Elephants, in which tradition and fact are happily mingled; a story about Dr. de Gacia, whose house in Bombay was built where the Mint now stands; a snooter of Nuthla and Enoch; and some where fantasy and nature are pleasantly and gaily woven into an ingenious pattern.

Nearly every story has a gendy-pointed moral, and children are held by

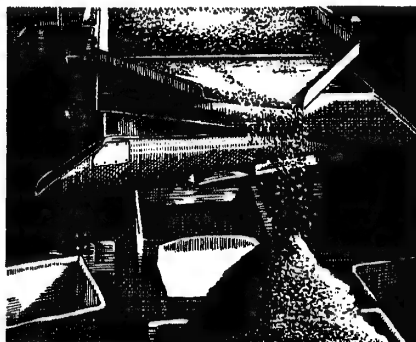
the narrative as well as by the illustrations, of which, both line drawings and colour plates, there are many, all executed with May Dart's well-known, light, yet meticulous touch.

A few of the phrases, for instance "blissful intoxication" and "such beauty overwhelmed him with adoration," are above the average child's head, and there are some careless grammatical errors, but these fade into insignificance beside the charm and loving care that have obviously been poured into the volume. Any child would be delighted to receive this record of the doing of the Tikkities.

S. R.

**The Ideal Present:****The "Onlooker"  
Book of Verse**

See full details in advertisement on page 50.

**The Story of Tea No. 6**

Tea leaves on the sifting machine.

**MACHINE STAGE**

When drying, or "firing" has sealed the characteristic flavour in the leaves, the tea is ready for sifting and sorting.

All stalks and foreign matter are removed before the tea reaches the sifting and sorting machine; here a multitude of sieves and meshes automatically separate the larger from the smaller leaves.

The various grades thus obtained, are now packed into separate chests, ready for the next stage in their journey. Careful handling and rapid distribution ensures our tea reaching you fragrant and fresh.

**Brooke Bond**

**W**HAT a lot it will cost you to replace those lovely things you bought when fabrics were less expensive!

And what a lot of wear you deserve from the pretty things you are buying now—at present prices!

Yes, these are times to take very special care of all your clothes—they must be made to last. So cut out all dhoobi-risks, cut out undissolved-soap risks (inseparable from the use of ordinary soaps), and give all your washables safe Lux-care—at home. It's a good thing there's no shortage of Lux.

**GIVE IT  
Lux-care  
AND MAKE  
IT LAST!**

*lux-care is no trouble*

Make a generous lather with Lux and cold water. Squeeze and squeeze your pretty garments in the rich active suds. Don't risk. Then rinse thoroughly in clear water—2 or 3 changes; and squeeze out the moisture by rolling lightly in a bath towel (don't twist, don't wring). Now, when they've been nicely ironed, your pretty things will be like new again—fresh, bright, and not a thread of them harmed.

**WARNING!** Before washing any coloured fabric test a small piece of it in plain water. If the colour "runs" the fabric is unwashable. A slight colouring of the water may indicate only "loom" dye.



**99% SAFE LENGTHENS THE LIFE OF LOVELY FABRICS**

LEVER BROTHERS LONDON ENGLAND

FOR  
UNSOLICITED GOOD GIFTS  
TO THE  
UNITED KINGDOM  
AND  
STANDARD PARCELS  
CONFECTIONERY CIGARETTES  
Etc. TO MEMBERS OF THE  
FORCES ON ACTIVE SERVICE  
in varying amounts with a free  
present regulations and at inclusive  
per cent. or more

**BARNETTS**  
Confectioners  
ALLAHABAD

## The "Onlooker" Book Of Verse

YOU have laughed over the verses which appear in the "Onlooker" each month. They have entertained you because they have reflected in an amusing way the life we all live in India, our club life, our servants, our friends, our shikar, our hunting, shooting and fishing, and so on. You will be interested to know that many of these verses have been put together in a handsome volume bound in "Onlooker" red, which is ready to be sent to you by post at a cost of Rs. 12/6/- plus bank exchange. Your friends would love to see it. All you have to do in order to send The "Onlooker" Book of Verse as a present to your friends anywhere is to forward to A. MacRae & Co., Ltd., United India Buildings, Sir Phirozshah Mehta Road, Bombay, your order and cheque with your address or the address to which the book has to be sent. And remember, it makes a marvellous present.

## Bridge Solution

Problem on page 47.

Dummy takes the first trick and leads out trumps after which Sam enters his hand with the Ace of Hearts and draws Jack's last trump, dummy discarding a Club. Now the King of Hearts and the Ace of Diamonds are led.

The low Diamond follows and the 10 is finessed. When this holds, dummy reads the knave of Hearts and Sam discards the King of Diamond. Jill wins the trick, but must return a Heart or a Diamond to dummy's winners on which Sam discards his losing Clubs.

# GINKS\*

\*The present fashion for economy encourages us to coin this word, a ver the multitude of drinks (long and short) of which Gin is the basis.

Restrictions imposed upon us by War Conditions need not affect the time honoured custom of the East. Come round to drinks.

A bottle of Carew's Dry Gin, some lime juice, sugar, bitters and soda water will provide a wide variety of drinks to suit the taste of the most fastidious.

If you want to make your bottle go further, provide some vermouths and you can add a wider range.

If you number any gin connoisseurs amongst your guests we suggest that you invest in a second bottle of Carew's Dry Gin for they will want to enjoy its full flavour (which has not varied for 12 years) with a dash of bitters and some ice, possibly they will prefer a long drink of gin and tonic water with a slice of lemon.

**1 LIME GIMLET** Same as Orange Gimlet but add a few drops of Angostura bitters and use lime cordial instead of orange crush.

**JOHN COLLINS** Into a long glass put a generous teaspoonful of sugar, four or five drops of Angostura bitters, a dash of Carew's Dry Gin and a dash of fresh lime juice. Stir well and fill up with cold soda and some ice.

**2 MARTINI COCKTAIL** For two. Pour into a tumbler half filled with ice one cocktail glass of Carew's Dry Gin and one cocktail glass of French style vermouth. Strain into cocktail glasses, squeeze a lime skin over the glasses and serve with an olive.

**GIN & It.** Fill a cocktail glass three quarters with Carew's Dry Gin and one quarter Italian style vermouth.

Empty bottles must be returned from whence they came before a fresh stock of Carew's can be supplied to you.

Either your dealer or Messrs Lyall Marshall & Co., 4 Fairlie Place Calcutta will pay you As. 4/- per bottle Rs. 3/- per dozen bottles and Rs. 3/8/- with case.

# CAREW'S DRY GIN

MANUFACTURED & BOTTLED  
BY CAREW & CO. LTD.  
PRODUCE OF INDIA

THE ESTABLISHED FAVOURITE FOR OVER 12 YEARS

CO 200

## OBSERVE THESE SIMPLE RULES TO PROLONG THE LIFE OF YOUR TYRES

- 1 Keep them inflated to the correct pressure all the time.
- 2 Don't drive in excess of 35 miles per hour.
- 3 Don't jam on your brakes.
- 4 Don't corner at high speed.
- 5 Don't rub the walls of your tyres on the curb.

most miles per rupee on -

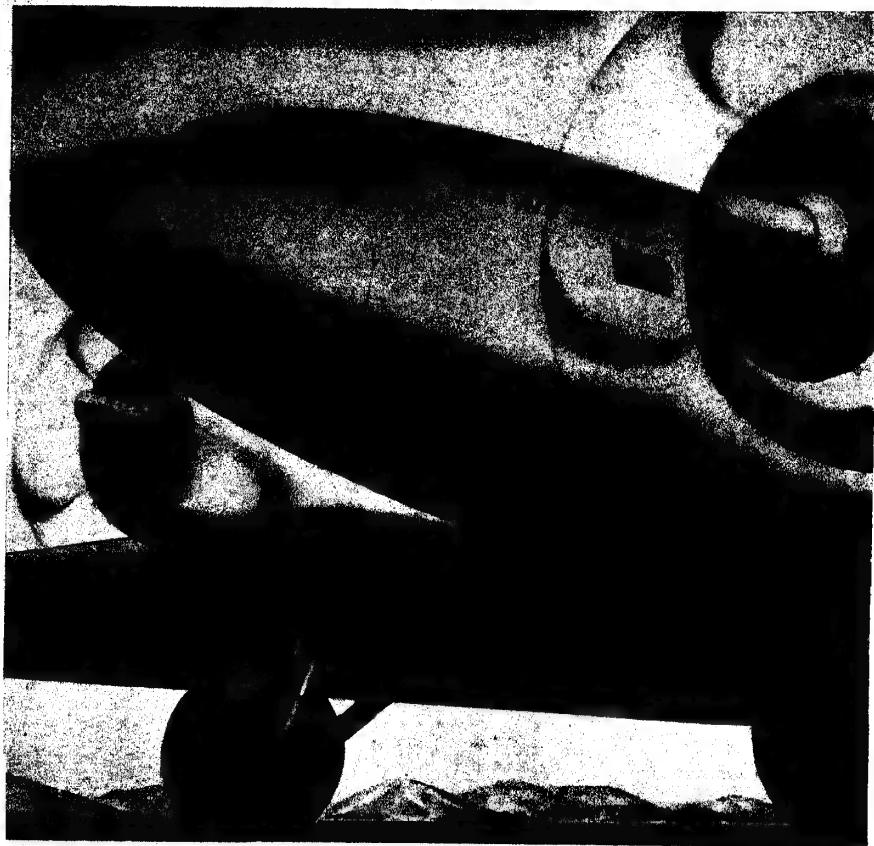
# Firestone

SAFETY-LOCK GUM DIPPED CORD  
**DELUXE CHAMPIONS**

PIRESTONE TYRE & RUBBER CO. OF INDIA LTD.

Head Office & Factory: BOMBAY  
District Offices: BOMBAY, CALCUTTA, COLOMBO, SINGAPORE, MADRAS.

Firestone dealers throughout the country will be only too pleased to render service and give advice on the conservation of Firestone or any other make of tyre.



In the great post-war era of commercial and industrial development in India—development in which civil aviation will prove a major governing factor—Tata Air Lines will devote to the country's civilian needs a service still faster, still better-equipped, richer in peace by experience gained in war.

# Times have changed !

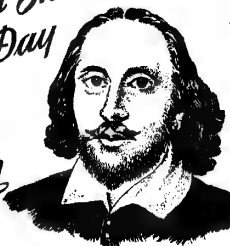


TIME-KEEPERS

*in Shakespeare's Day*

Shakespeare saw the early beginnings of the watch. There were no screws then and watch movements were put together with pins and rivets. Gear cutting was clumsily done by hand. Braille was used for the balance spring.

*& present day*



The EXTRA "F"

16-ct. Solid Gold, Heavy Case — Rs. 280



The EXTRA "H"

18-ct. Solid Gold, Heavy Case — Rs. 345

As timekeepers, the watches of the 16th Century were not very effective. The cases, however, though large were ornate and often of remarkable workmanship. To-day watches consume the thought and study, care and patience, skill and inventive genius of 400 years. WEST END watches combine all that is best from past and present achievement.

Send for FREE Catalogue.

Due to irregular arrivals, it may not be possible to supply all the patterns advertised, but every effort will be made to execute orders as far as our stocks permit us to do so.

## West End Watch Co

Bombay — Calcutta



**Uniform LOVELINESS**

Thank goodness for the many lovely faces to be seen, whose beauty Iclima has been keeping fresh since their owners left the school-room. And it won't be long, we hope, before these soft skins and clear complexions will enjoy the constant protection of Iclima again.

**Iclima**

VANISHING CREAM • COLD CREAM  
FACE POWDER • ROUGE CREAM

## ALWAYS IN SPARKLING CONDITION-

thanks to this simple care



You will never realize how *cherry* and *companionable* your dog can be unless you help him to keep fit. Regular conditioning with any Condition Powders is the sure way to fitness and good spirits.

*Rejuvenate*

**PURE BLOOD IS ESSENTIAL**  
Your dog's whole system depends on the purity of his bloodstream for correct functioning. But a "domesticated" diet causes impurities to accumulate in his blood. These must be corrected if your dog is to enjoy real health. That is why regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders is so necessary.

These famous powders replace the natural blood correctives which the primitive dog found in certain rare wild grasses and herbs. Given regularly they will lift your dog to a new level of sparkling fitness. Start conditioning now!

FREE! Write to The Representative, Bob Martin (Export) Ltd., Dept. P.O. Box 18, Bombay, for the copy of Bob Martin's Dog Book and free packet of Bob Martin's Condition Powders.



**BOB MARTIN'S**  
Condition Powders  
**KEEP DOGS ALWAYS FIT**



### LOOSE COAT :

It's GAINE :

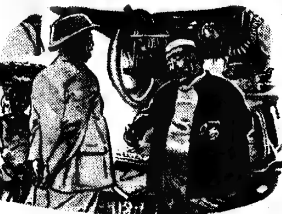
To grow a good coat a dog must be in good condition, and this necessitates a thorough purifying of the bloodstream which acts as a "conveyor" of the elements used in coat formation. If your dog is constantly shedding loose hair, it shows that his coat is under-nourished—a direct result of impure blood.



### ... AND CURE

Your dog will grow a thick, firm, lustrous coat if you give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders. Their action is to correct toxic impurities in the blood and to maintain a pure, rich bloodstream. Thus Bob Martin's prevent and cure disorders such as loose coat, lameness and something.

Blood purification is particularly important because a dog's skin is sensitive, whereas in human skin there are perspiration ducts by which impurities are eliminated.



## CHOO BAZAAR

"Good morning, Sahib. What are your Honour's requirements?"

"Six bottles of Rose's Lime Juice. The chicken will carry them in his toki."

"Ah, Sir, this is your lucky day. The stars are kind to you. I have here one excellent typewriter, built in 1911, only three letters missing, guaranteed perfect."

"I don't need a typewriter, I want some Rose's."

"I quite understand, Sir. I have here, Sir, a model of Lucknow railway station, constructed entirely of cork, complete in glass case. Genuine bargain, Sir. No charge for the looking. No asking price. Only list price. The boy can take it."

"I sold Rose's Lime Juice, Rose's malm? Rose's! Rose's! Rose's!"

"Of course, Sir. Rose's Lime Juice. Very good for the drink, very good for not having the hangover. Everybody is knowing Rose's."

"That's the stuff. Got any?"

"One moment, Sir. I have here one copy of Sorrows of Saras worship by Lady Marie Corelli. Only little bit broken. One rupee six annas only."

"For the last time, have you a Rose's?"

"Oh, Sahib, you are my father and my mother. Also my aunt and the epitome of wisdom. This is only small town, Sir. All Rose's is sold out. You will have to write to Calcutta. I have here, Sir, one self-filling fountain pen..."

### ROSE'S—The Wise Man's Nightingale

P.S.—The shortage of R.L.J., which began to be felt last year, is now becoming more acute. It is nobody's fault. It is the increasing popularity of what you have and have patience with your supplies.

# AGREED...



*'We want a cold cream that thoroughly cleanses the skin, not just the surface, but deep into the pores: that nourishes the tissues when it is left on over-night: that is pleasantly perfumed and economical in use..*

*'We want a vanishing cream that does not clog the pores but keeps the skin supple: that spreads evenly and retains its mat finish all day: that acts as a real powder base..*

*'Agreed that we will use only Stanistreet Cold and Vanishing Creams made by experts for use in the tropics."*



## Stanistreet

Our toilet preparations are  
manufactured from  
the finest raw materials  
the world can offer

★ **COLD CREAM**

★ **VANISHING CREAM**



*Daimler*  
*goes to war*

DAIMLER AND LANCHESTER CARS, LONDON AND COVENTRY, ENGLAND

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